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# The Sketch



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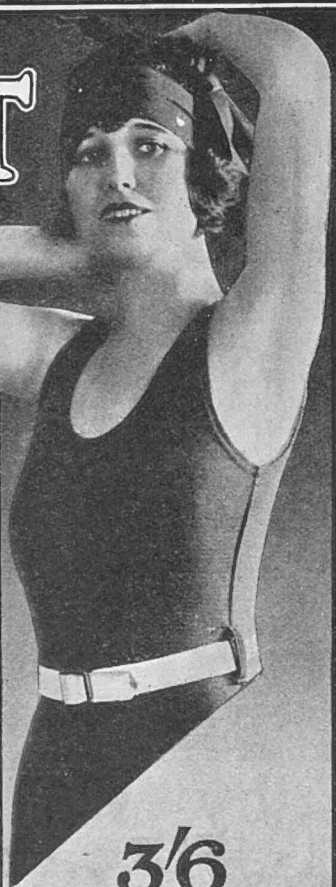


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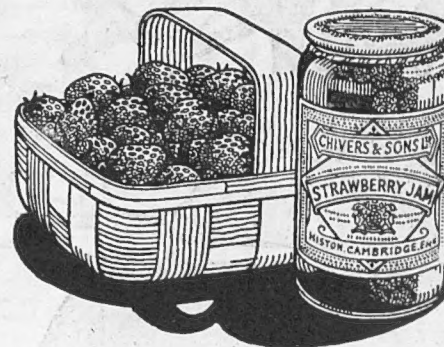
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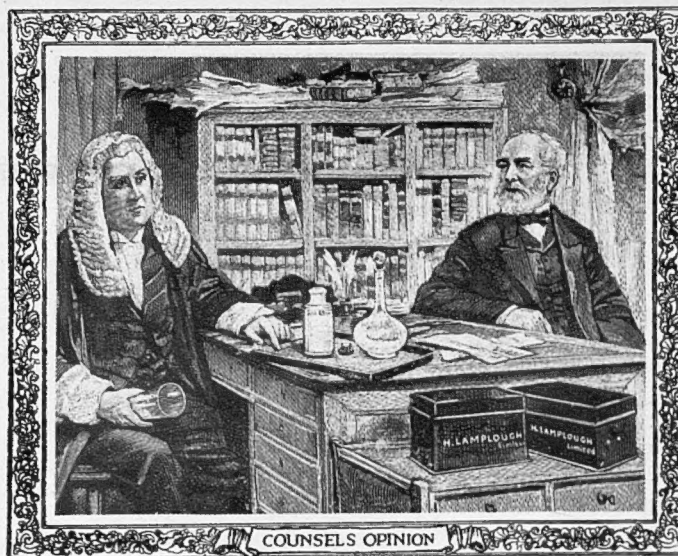
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COUNSELS OPINION

## THE OPINION OF A FAMOUS COUNSEL:

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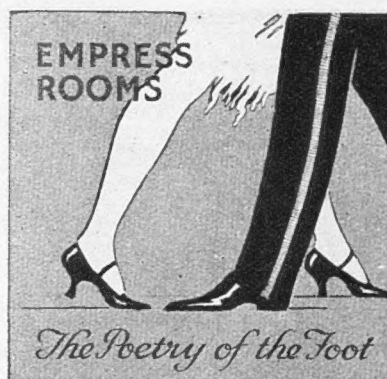
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# The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1650—Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



THE STORM OF "STORM": MISS ELISSA LANDI.

Miss Elissa Landi is a newcomer to the London stage, but has made a very great hit indeed as the heroine of Mr. C. K. Munro's play, "Storm," which will be transferred from the Ambassadors'

to the Royalty next week. She plays the part of a young girl in love with a married man, and is the one charming personality in Mr. Munro's very biting satire on human nature.

*Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.*





# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chitcot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.. "

## TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT OCTOPI.

WE have not by any means finished with Mars. You can't expect to receive a visit of that sort—even though the visitor kept himself rather aloof—without stirring up all sorts of side-issues, arguments, reminiscences, and conjectures.

One rather quaint result of the Mars controversy is a slashing attack on Mr. H. G. Wells, who wrote a story, a long time ago, about Mars.

Mr. Wells's critic is a lady living in France, and her attack takes the form of a letter to the editor of her favourite daily paper.

The lady leads off by calling Mr. Wells, "that Cagliostro of literature." This, of course, is not meant personally, but as a criticism of Mr. Wells's scientific writings. Cagliostro, as you will remember, made himself famous by selling the "Elixir of Life." Mr. Wells has never offered us anything of the sort. On the contrary, his criticism of life as it is lived in these islands has been mainly destructive. The impression I have always received from his stimulating writings is that he would like to clean up England with a gigantic shaving-brush and a gigantic razor; we should then have a nice clean piece of ground to start on all over again. The trouble is that everybody except the wielder of the razor would perish in the process.

"Who but a pacifist would imagine," demands the lady, "that the miracle of inter-planetary communication would begin with a war? And how untenable—to anyone of intelligence, far less of intellect—is the idea that octopi never sleep. The fact is that octopi never wake; sleep is their natural state, the natural state of all of us, until we achieve consciousness in however small a degree. And however great the degree achieved, no conscious being could live without sleep."

This is the portion of the letter which really attracted my attention.

I had never heard before that the octopus is always asleep. Nor had it ever occurred to me that the natural state of human beings was sleep. It is, you will admit, an illuminating thought, and explains much. To know all is to forgive all. As an out-and-out believer in Nature, I must for the future

change my attitude towards those who are always asleep.

To return, for a moment, to the octopus. This healthy fellow, as you know, haunts our own dear coasts, but must not be confused with the octopod, which is far more common hereabouts than the octopus.

In case you step across either of them whilst bathing, you ought to know the difference. The octopod has eight feet and eight arms. He is in close partnership with the cuttle, but the cuttle has ten arms. The octopod likes to lie on the ocean bed, which is only reasonable if he is always asleep. But sometimes he swims in his sleep, and swims at a ferocious pace. It is advisable not to wake him whilst he is swimming, because the shock to the octopod would be as nothing compared with the shock to you.

Life on the ocean bed must be very comfortable. It is a bed that never has to be made. The tide turns it and keeps it clean and fresh. And the temperature of the sea is always exactly right—or nearly always—for the people who inhabit it.

The octopus is never called in the morning, and never goes to bed at night. Never, so long as he lives, does he hear a reproach for being sleepy or lazy. He is born sleeping, he lives sleeping, and, if he ever dies, which seems improbable, he presumably dies sleeping.

It may be that after we have finished with these human bodies, or after they have finished with us, we are given a choice as to the next form we should care to assume.

Now that I have broadcasted the news about the octopus, there will be a rush, I shouldn't wonder, for eight long arms and the ocean bed.

How delighted the Fat Boy would have been could he have changed himself into an octopus! No more would he have heard himself sworn at for being asleep. No more would he have been compelled to roll painfully off the coach, and unpack the hamper, and distribute splendid food, all of which he could have eaten himself, to people like Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle, and the ineffable Jingle.

In place of all that horrible anguish, he would simply lie on his back on the bed of the ocean, fast asleep, his long arms extended in every direction,

and take in food supplied by his eight servants aforementioned.

And it is not only the Fat Boy who would find, in the existence of the octopus, a heaven on earth. I am not going to register any cheap scores against telephone operators, or Government officials, or the gentlemen of the Law. If they are awake—and it is astonishing how often they are awake—this condition of wakefulness is contrary to the laws of Nature. If they sleep, it is what you and I should be doing at this moment. Perhaps you are doing it, having never reached the conclusion of my essay on the octopus. Well, I can't blame you. Be natural, dear friend, and you will be happy. Wake up, and somebody may find you a job of work.



MR. AND MRS. GUGGENHEIM'S HOUSE PARTY AT FARR HOUSE, INVERNESS-SHIRE : HOSTS AND VISITORS.

Reading from left to right are: Hon. Mrs. Graham Murray, Major the Hon. R. Graham Murray, Major Boyse Combe, Mrs. J. O. Lawson Johnston, Miss Barbara Guggenheim, Miss Janice B. Hellman, Hon. Mrs. MacNaghton, Sir Eustace Fiennes, Mrs. Guggenheim, Mr. S. R. Guggenheim, Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen, Mr. R. J. Lawson Johnston, Lady Fiennes, Mr. J. O. Lawson Johnston, Viscount Stuart, Earl of Castlestewart, Lady Castlestewart, and Captain A. V. Holt.—[Photograph by A. Patterson.]

The octopus has no feet, but, to atone to him for that, he has eight wonderful arms. These arms are often several feet long, and they go to work without waking up the master. The arms are furnished with suckers—I must apologise for using this rather vulgar word, but you really should know what we are talking about—and the suckers, presumably, keep awake whilst the octopus sleeps. They are, so to speak, sentries, or night-watchmen, and without them the octopus would be lost. In point of fact, he would starve.

I don't know whether the ten-armed cuttle sleeps all his life. Perhaps he forages for the octopod and the octopus, feeding them with dainty tit-bits whilst they snore.



## Pavlova as Don Quixote's Ideal.



Once more Mme. Pavlova is at Covent Garden giving delight to the many thousands who go to see her. Besides many of the old favourite dances, such as "The Swan," she is giving an interesting selection of novelties, among them two ballets, entitled "Don Quixote" and "The

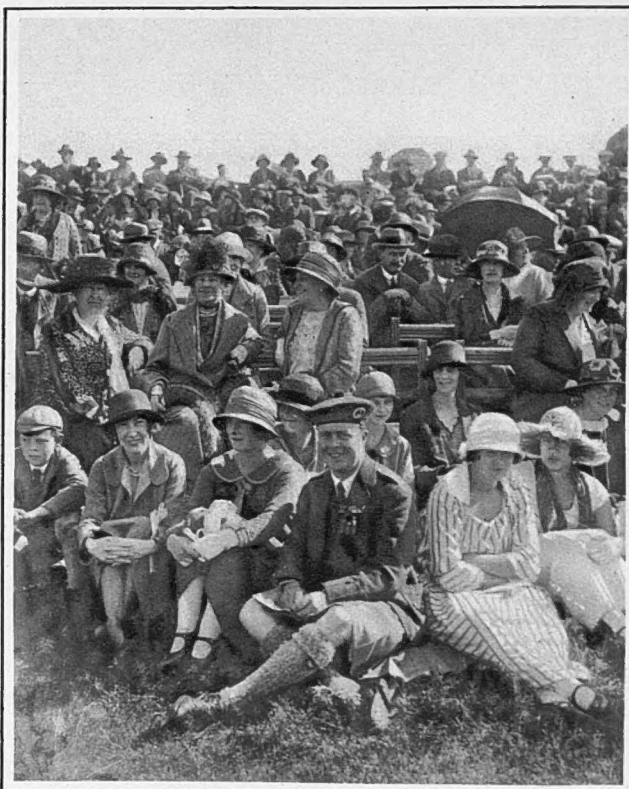
Romance of a Mummy." With her is a particularly good cast, including Mlle. Hilda Butsova, Laurent Novikoff, and Alexandre Volinine. As on previous occasions, the very good orchestra is ably conducted by Mr. Theodore Stier.—[Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]



## Scotland's Own:



WITH LADY ANNE WELLESLEY AND LADY  
JEAN DALRYMPLE: LORD GLENTANAR.



(L. TO R.) LORD MORNINGTON, LADY JEAN DALRYMPLE; LORD GLENTANAR IN FOREGROUND; LADY ANNE WELLESLEY ON THE GROUND BEHIND LORD GLENTANAR; LADY GLENTANAR ON THE BENCH.

## Braemar and Aboyne Games.



WITH MRS. ARBUTHNOT LESLIE:  
LORD SEMPILL.



INCLUDED IN THE GROUP ARE: LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN, LORD AND LADY HUNTLY, LORD AND LADY SEMPILL, LADY MARY TURNER, MISS ANGELA THYNNE, MISS CORNELIA SORABJI, MR. DAVID GORDON, MISS JESSAMINE GORDON, AND LORD AND LADY DUDLEY GORDON.

Very successful Highland Games were held at Braemar and Aboyne. Most of the people who had been at Aboyne on the Wednesday turned up on Thursday at Braemar, where there was the great added attraction of the presence of their Majesties. There was a great display of sword-

dancing and tossing the caber, and athletes from all parts of Scotland competed. At the Aboyne Gathering the Marquess of Huntly received a large number of notable visitors at his marquee, and he and Lady Huntly brought over their house party to see the show.

Photographs by S. and G. and G.P.U.



# The Serbian Royal Christening.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT WHITE LODGE: PRINCE ALEXANDER WITH HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS PAUL OF SERBIA, QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE, AND PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE.

The infant son of Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia was christened at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on Thursday last, Sept. 4, and received the name Alexander. Special waters were brought from the rivers of Yugo-Slavia for the ceremony, which was performed by Father Leluikhin, of the Greek Church. Prince Alexander was born at White

Lodge on Aug. 13, in the same room where the Prince of Wales was born. Among the ten godparents were the Duke and Duchess of York, who went to Belgrade last year to attend the wedding of Prince and Princess Paul, and who were represented at the christening by Prince Paul of Greece.—[*Photograph by Janet Jevons.*]



# MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

THE autumn is undoubtedly the Scottish season *par excellence*, and there are many reasons for this. To begin with, the Court is at Balmoral, which is a very important factor, and then, for those who love outdoor sports (and who doesn't nowadays?) Scotland is certainly the ideal spot, what with fishing and shooting, to say nothing of golf. The climate, it is true, is

of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Corrou, one of the best all-round sporting places in Scotland, belonging to Sir John Stirling Maxwell, has been taken by Mr. H. C. Phipps, of New York; the Strathbraan deer forest, in Rosshire, will be shot over by Mr. F. S. Mead, of Brookline, Massachu-

setts, U.S.A.—it is the property of A. Bignold de Coloman. Mr. A. A. Robbins, of New York, has rented Yester House, in East Lothian, the seat of the Marquess of Tweeddale. Ben Klibreck Lodge, with the Mudale Forest, will be shot over by Mr. Henry L. Stimson, of New York; Castle Forbes will be occupied by Mr. G. Cole Scott, of Virginia; Glentworth House will be in the occupation of Mr. MacBurney, Long Island. Well, does it not make you gasp? And this by no means closes the list—and then people talk about peaceful penetration!

They do take sport seriously, however, as they do everything else, and that is why they excel in so many ways; but a friend who has just come back from the South of France (yes, the Riviera) tells a very different tale. She is of the strong-minded variety, and as she wanted sunshine, she thought she would go where she was bound to get it, regardless of fashion, and, strange to say, had her wish. Her tale of the *chasse* seems strange to us. In Provence it appears to be an eminently democratic affair, and requires no great wealth. Everyone (every male, that is) seems to have a gun license; and let it not be said that they are not keen! They shoot anything that comes their way, and no bird is considered too small to be shot at. The malicious declare that sometimes the only "game" hit is the unfortunate dog who accompanies the "sportsman," which is promptly called a *sale bête* for getting in his way!

From Le Touquet the usual moan about its being the rainiest season on record; but in spite of that there are a large number of visitors who prefer a round of golf in the rain—fine, driving rain—then taking refuge in the Casino, to leaving the delightful pine-forest *plage* for more sophisticated pleasures.

Many people still have their villas open, and one of these is Lord Rosslyn, who has been joined recently by his sister, Lady Angela Forbes. The Hon. Mrs. Astley is here, and has been joined by her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alistair McCormick, who came over from Chicago to revisit the scene of their first meeting, which took place last year.

Now that the season at Deauville is practically over, a great many gambling fanatics have made their way to Le Touquet; and though the play here is not carried on to the sensational scale that prevails at the Plage Fleurie, still it has been pretty high, especially when M. André Citroën came over to show them how to do it. It was quite a common sight to see the end of the table buried under piles of packets of thousand-franc notes on Saturday night, which greatly edified and excited those who don't go to Deauville, and are therefore unsophisticated enough to be really impressed by such a sight!

At midnight, all except the most ardent gamblers, whom nothing will move, go on to the supper-room and dance till dawn. That is one of the reasons why Le Touquet is so popular among the younger set. Golf and tennis are almost as important as dancing, especially since the Prince of Wales set the fashion.

Then there was the added attraction of a mannequin parade, which always draws

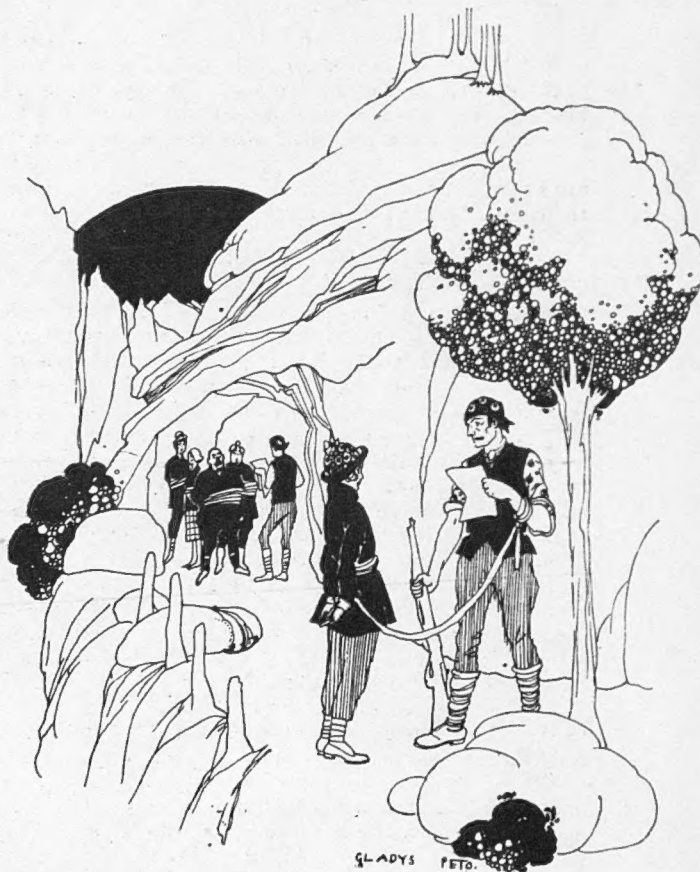


1. Angela and her conducted party, the Moral - Midlande family, are taking a walking tour in the Czecho-Jokian Mountains. They are not in the least surprised at being held up by brigands. Mr. Moral - Midlande thinks that the story of his affluence must have spread to every corner of Europe; and Angela had arranged a hold-up of her own, with Bobbie Barnes as a brigand, so that she should get a share of the ransom. So she smiles happily at the affair.

somewhat damp, but nearly every place seems to suffer from that disadvantage this year.

It is essentially an outdoor and healthy life, and is good for the somewhat jaded nerves of those who have been through a hectic London season, and a far from peaceful spell at Deauville, where so many of us lost more than we could afford, and looked enviously at M. Citroën, who managed to come away with quite a tidy little sum. Indeed an instance of "to him who hath."

The Americans, who always manage to get the best from Europe, whether it be Rue de la Paix gowns or Old Masters, realise full well the importance of being north of the Tweed at this time of the year, and a great many of the Scottish moors and forests have been let to them. To mention but a few, Glen of Rothes house and shootings are let again to Mr. E. D. Brandegee, of Boston, U.S.A.; Mr. R. H. McCurdy, of New York, will again shoot over Glenfiddich and Blackwater, in Banffshire, the property



2. But these are real brigands, and there is some awful mistake somewhere. The Head Brigand is reading to Angela a demand for £15,000 ransom for her person. He thinks she is the affluent lady, and the Moral - Midlandes are her minions. He only wants £1000 each for them. Angela is explaining that she has no money at all; and can one raise £15,000 on an overdraft of £500 (her entire assets)? The Head Brigand, who has had a difference of opinion with her interpreter (who wrote the demands) and pushed him over a precipice, can make nothing of her at all.



all the women, because, even if we cannot buy the frocks, we like to look at them and think how charming we could be if only—

Lady Dunn is helping to make Le Touquet gay by entertaining a good deal for her girls, and her son celebrated his twenty-first birthday here the other day. Lord and Lady Dudley have let their villa to some Americans, so they have been missed among the band of habitués who come to Le Touquet every summer. They are thinking, however, of running over for some golf before the autumn season is over.

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, the well-known author and cousin of Lord Wodehouse, is here with his wife and daughter, and is spending a lot of time on the golf-links. So



3. And Mr. Moral-Midlande is terribly affronted at being held to ransom for less than Angela. He says he won't pay a penny until they increase the amount. But nobody can understand what he says.

are Lord and Lady Alastair Innes Kerr (with their son David), who have a villa in the forest.

London in early September is empty, no doubt, but perhaps not quite as empty as many would have us believe. Social celebrities who most people think are spending their time shooting in Scotland, cultivating a tan complexion on the Lido (which they are just as anxious to lose once they return to town life), or trying to be gay in some rain-soaked Continental spot often steal back to town for a little gaiety without advertising the fact.

A day or two after I had heard something about Lord and Lady Northampton being in Scotland for the autumn they were both seen at the Savoy—she looking very handsome and distinguished in a black dress that showed out well among the hundreds of gaily coloured frocks, chiefly blue.

Another distinguished visitor was Lady Gort, whose puce-coloured dress suited her remarkably well. Lady Gort, by the way, is one of the few women who can wear her hair smoothly drawn back from her forehead and still look attractive. This is the style she generally affects. At the Savoy she was spending the hours after dinner dancing. She is a most expert dancer, and has, I believe, danced for charity. She has had her portrait painted by the well-known artist, Mr. Stuart Hill, quite recently.

Lord Lathom and Lord Blandford were both at the first night of the Co-Optimists, who seem to have started on what promises to be a long and happy career at the Palace

Theatre. Lord Lathom probably holds the record for first-night attendances in London. Only some very serious occurrence would keep him away from the theatre on the opening night of a new play; and the only time when he was absent was when he was staying in Switzerland for his health. Now he is looking particularly fit.

To say that the Co-Optimists got an enthusiastic reception would be putting it mildly. "Rapture" more accurately expresses the state of mind of the Palace audience that evening. And then, after the speeches had been made, and the "Co-Op" ladies had staggered off the stage loaded with flowers, the company gave a party on the stage. And not the first party that stands to their credit, by any means, for the Co-Optimists are the most hospitable crowd, and seize upon the smallest provocation for entertaining their friends.

Sir Henry Curtis Bennett (to look at him you'd never have thought he was the barrister before whose eloquence great criminals shrivel or grow hopeful, according to whether he is on their side or against them) was one of the guests at the party, and so was David Tennant, who was dancing a lot with Hermione Baddeley. He is the younger brother of Lord Glenconner.

Rain spoilt the York Race Meeting so far as smart clothes were concerned, but a friend in Yorkshire writes that women, with their usual optimism, were making great dress preparations for the Doncaster Meeting in general, and the St. Leger day in particular. Lord and Lady Lonsdale, who have taken the Royal box for a week, are doing a good deal of entertaining, and many house-parties have been arranged.

In fact, Yorkshire is indulging in a general burst of frivolity, for the Scarborough Cricket Festival, which began last week, still continues, and will come to an end in a few days' time with the Cricket Ball.

Lord Hawke, whose memoirs will be one of the interesting books published this autumn, and who, to quote one description of him, "gave Yorkshire cricket new life," went up to Scarborough to see the matches, and Lady Hawke accompanied him.

To go back to Scotland, the Highland Gatherings have been providing amusement and recreation for the hardy ones, and the gathering at Braemar last week drew the usual crowd of distinguished visitors from the surrounding districts, including the King and Queen.

Some of us sneakily admit that our feelings concerning these games and gatherings are somewhat mixed. Very frequently the weather does its worst, and bad Scotch weather is very bad indeed. Imbued with the true Highland spirit (no, not the liquid kind!) it is possible to get a "thrill" at the sight of Highland lads and lassies dancing through reels and giving vent to hoarse cries now and again; but some of us get a trifle bored, even though the scenery is lovely and compensates for a great deal of the discomfort.

The Aboyne Gathering drew the usual crowd of celebrities last week. The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly were entertaining a house-party for the occasion. Lord and Lady Aberdeen helped to make up a crowd 12,000 strong, and visitors from the neighbourhood included Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, Lord and Lady Sempill, and the Glentanar family and house-party,

Lord Kingsborough, Julia Lady Dartrey, and many others.

Most people come equipped in mackintoshes and tweeds to these gatherings; but there was an occasion two years ago when a distinguished visitor arrived in a dress that would not have disgraced church parade in the height of the London season, fine silk stockings, and a gardenia posy. The "natives" were enormously impressed at this unusual honour paid to their gathering, but have not tried to emulate the costume in question!

Lord Rawlinson, who, one feels, is thoroughly enjoying his leave, has been staying with Lord and Lady Inchcape at Glenapp Castle, Ayrshire, which is a delightful spot, and has enormously improved since it passed into the hands of its present owner. It is situated within easy motoring distance of the famous Turnberry golf links.

October is certainly going to be the month of smart weddings. One of the most interesting is that of Miss Elsie Kipling, daughter of the celebrated writer, whose marriage to Captain George Bambridge takes place on October 22 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. On October 13, at the same church, Lord Ridley will marry Miss Ursula Lutyens. She is the second daughter of the famous architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, and is only just twenty. Her sister married Captain Euan Wallace in 1920, and her mother is the sister of the present Earl of Lytton. Another interesting wedding, on October 14, is that of Lord Galloway and Miss Philippa Wendell, also at St. Margaret's. She is a sister of the present Lady Carnarvon, and was bridesmaid to Princess Maud when she married Lord Carnegie, and Lord Galloway was the best man at the same wedding. There are to be two pages and eight bridesmaids, including Lord Oranmore and Browne's daughter Kathleen and Lady Mary Amherst.

MARIEGOLD.



4. Meanwhile, Bobbie and his friend, the imitation brigands, are terribly late for the appointment. They have found a very pleasant inn, and are counting on Angela being late, as usual.



# THE GREAT AUTUMN EVENT OF THE WEST



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S DAUGHTER:  
LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



MRS. R. E. PRITCHARD, MISS BURROWS, MR. H. M. DAVIES,  
AND MRS. R. E. PRITCHARD.



ON HER HUNTER CAVALIER: LADY JEAN  
DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.



MISS JOAN BEAUCHAMP  
AND A FRIEND.



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS  
OF WORCESTER.

The Bath Horse Show was exceptionally lucky with regard to the weather—there was actually no rain! The Show is under the patronage of the Duke of Beaufort, and was exceptionally well attended. Among many well-known people to be seen were Lord Bath, Earl Cairns, Earl Temple, Viscount Long of Wraxall, Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, the Duchess of Beaufort with her two daughters, and many others. As usual, the hunters were the chief attraction, and among the winners was Lady Blanche Douglas, the Duke's daughter, in the class restricted to the residents of



# OF ENGLAND: THE BATH HORSE SHOW.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS: MISS TENISON, MISS FLORENCE TENISON, AND MR. T. JONES.



A PLEASANT INTERLUDE: MISS ELLIOT WOOD AND MISS MICHELSON TAKING TEA.



LORD FREDERICK CAMBRIDGE WITH THE WARD TWINS.



PUTTING HER HUNTER THROUGH ITS PACES: LADY B. SCOTT-DOUGLAS (FORMERLY LADY ST. GERMAN) WITH DAVID BARRY, WHO GAINED 1st PRIZE AND THE PITMAN CHALLENGE CUP.

Somerset, Gloucester, and Wilts. In the heavy-weights, only four of the six horses entered came forward, and of these Mr. Oliver Dixon's seven-year chestnut Red Lad had no difficulty in supplementing his success at the East Berks Show at Maidenhead. Major E. M. Watts took second prize with Shere Khan, and Miss Muriel Michelson's Bright Idea was third. In the middle-weights Mr. Dixon was again first, with Red Fox. The light-weights was won by Mrs. T. F. Lloyd's Broghill.—[Photographs by I.B., S. and G., Topical, and Alfieri.]



## From Yorkshire to Scotland: Three Groups.



AYKROYD MARRIES AYKROYD: A YORKSHIRE WEDDING.



WITH THE MARCHIONESS OF HARTINGTON: THE EARL OF BURLINGTON (LEFT) AND LORD ANDREW CAVENDISH.

The marriage of Mr. George Hammond Aykroyd, youngest son of Sir William and Lady Aykroyd, of Cliffe Hall, Lightcliffe, Yorkshire, to Miss Margaret Roberts Aykroyd took place last week at Hampsthwaite Church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Aykroyd, of Birstwith Hall. Viscount Mountgarret was best man.—Lady Hartington was married in 1917, and is the daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury. Her



THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW WITH THE LADIES DOREEN, ANNE, AND JOAN HOPE.

husband is the Duke of Devonshire's eldest son. They have two children—the Earl of Burlington, born in 1917; and Lord Andrew Cavendish, born in 1920.—The Marchioness of Linlithgow, who was married in 1911, has five children. Above she is seen with her three daughters—the Ladies Anne, Doreen, and Joan Hope. Her elder son, the Earl of Hopetoun, was born in 1912.—[Photographs by Ian Smith, Photopress, and Walter Scott.]



# "Dull and Dry": the Weather, Not the Races.



LORD AND LADY HINDLIP.



WITH MAJOR D'ARCY CLARKE: MISS D. ROYD AND MISS N. ROYD.



MR. AND MRS. BAYLEY WORTHINGTON.



WITH VISCOUNT CHETWYND: MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN.



WITH MISS WILSON: LORD AND LADY WORSLEY.

September Racegoers:  
Society  
at the Derby Meeting.



MISS EADIS AND MR. BYASS.

Many well-known people were present at the opening day of the Derby Summer Meeting last week, when the weather, though not up to summer standard, was comparatively fine. Lord Hindlip is the third Baron, and was married to Lady Hindlip in 1904.—Mr. Bayley Worthington is the owner of Brinklow, which was beaten by half a length by Sebastian in the

Hartington Plate.—Viscount Chetwynd married the Hon. Mary Eden, daughter of the fourth Baron Auckland.—Lord Worsley is the elder son of the Earl of Yarborough, and married Miss Nancye Brocklehurst, daughter of the late Alfred Brocklehurst, in 1919. They have one little girl, who was born in 1920.—[Photographs by P.P.P., and B.I.]





## The Clubman. By Beveren.

### The Englishman at Ostend, and His Hat.

I know a man who always grumbles about the regulation compelling him to give up his hat when he enters the Casino at Monte Carlo, and other places. He says it is merely an excuse for getting more money out of a visitor. He has just had a field day at Ostend. He went into the Casino, not to appear in the gaming-room, but to give a lady some tea. He was wearing a soft felt hat. The cloak-room attendant demanded the hat. My friend waved him aside and proceeded to the tea-room.

Before long the aroused cloak-room attendant, accompanied by a much more imposing Casino official, came to find the offending man who had refused to give up his hat. They were nonplussed when they saw him calmly taking tea, his head bare, no sign of a hat anywhere. They looked about furtively, under chairs, on window-ledges—still no signs of the hat.

At last the big uniformed attendant approached and spoke in voluble French. My friend replied that he spoke only English. An interpreter was brought. To the interpreter the Englishman said nonchalantly, "If you can find a hat anywhere, you can certainly take it for all I care." The officials, acknowledging defeat, left my friend to his tea.

When he went out he showed them the hat. "It wasn't one I valued very much," he told me. "I had been sitting on it."

### A Tale of Joseph Pulitzer.

The late Major Lindsay Bashford used to tell how the celebrated Joseph Pulitzer, the founder of the *New York World*, had a similar objection to giving up his hat. Lindsay Bashford was private secretary to the millionaire proprietor for three years—rather a long period for any man to be attached to that exacting and remarkable personage.

Mr. Pulitzer first landed in the United States by swimming ashore. The Customs officials would not admit him when, as a poor boy, he sailed for America from his native Poland. He did all sorts of work in St. Louis until a chance intervention in a game of chess—I believe it resulted in uproar and revolver shots—brought him to the notice of a local newspaper proprietor. Within a couple of years Pulitzer owned the newspaper; then he proceeded to conquer New York. That is by the way. What I wanted to recount was an experience in Germany some years before the war, when Major Bashford was touring Europe with his chief.

A performance of "Parsifal" was being given at the State Theatre of a certain town.

A box was engaged, and Mr. Pulitzer and his secretary proceeded to the theatre. When they entered the box, a dignified theatre attendant informed Mr. Pulitzer that he must give up his hat. Mr. Pulitzer replied that he meant to take it with him into the box. The attendant intimated that that was against the regulations. Mr. Pulitzer replied in stronger terms. The attendant, an old soldier, retaliated in kind, and a dialogue of abuse and vituperation began that disturbed the whole theatre. The upshot was that the manager, who ranked as a State official, came to the box and

attracted him and the party that accompanied him to a thick part of the jungle. Peering through the trees, he saw a trunkless body."

"Surely, Sir John," said one of the students, "you mean a headless body."

"Didn't I warn you," replied Sir John, "not to jump to conclusions? The body was that of an elephant."

### King Edward and the Parrot.

In a day or two we shall have opportunity to read another book by the entertaining anonymous raconteur who wrote

"Uncensored Recollections." The new volume is published by Nash and Grayson under the title, "Things I Shouldn't Tell"; and I am told that even before publication the orders have been heavy enough to exhaust two editions.

Curiosity as to the identity of the author is not yet satisfied. It is true, though, that he resides in Paris, and the new volume shows most intimate knowledge of the events leading to the Coup d'Etat that placed Napoleon III. on the throne.

One of his new stories is about King Edward and Lord Charles Beresford. The King (then Prince of Wales) and Lord Charles had been to lunch with a French marquise who had come to live in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill. Lord Charles, leaving the house first, was seized upon by a sailor who had a parrot to sell. The Prince of Wales, when he appeared, found them talking freely, with a crowd gathering. No one recognised H.R.H., even when he joined in the conversation by asking the sailor, "Does your parrot talk well?" Now the Prince never lost a certain distinctive rolling of his "r's," and the sailor, probably arguing to himself that neither of these two "swells" was a likely purchaser, replied doggedly,

"If he couldn't speak better than you, I'd wring his blinkin' neck."

Lord Charles, only half realising that the identity of the Prince was unknown to the sailor, got rather startled. But H.R.H. was delighted with the raciness of the man's conversation, and apparently wanted to hear more.

### America on Miss Gertrude Lawrence.

It is common talk now that Mr. André Charlot's revue has been one of the hits of the New York theatrical season. In London we often have said that many of the features of our most successful revues have been imported from America. But the Charlot revue has been held by the American critics to be superior to the native product. I have just been reading an article by one of them, in which English and American revues are contrasted.

(Continued on page xxviii.)

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

In Next Week's Issue of

*The Sketch*

will be published

THE FULL LIST OF WINNERS

in the

£2,000 COMPETITION

ordered the American millionaire and his secretary to leave the theatre, which they had to do.

"That was one of the few times when I really lost my temper with the old man," said Major Bashford. "I had much wanted to hear that performance of 'Parsifal'."

### Sir John Simon's Precision.

Sir John Simon is of all great lawyers the most precise in his language. Once when addressing a group of legal students he warned them always most carefully to sift the evidence, and never to allow themselves to jump to conclusions.

"A friend of mine who has just returned from a hunting expedition in Central Africa," he went on, "told me of a remarkable occurrence. The cries of a number of birds



## Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. X.



[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

“**A** WELL-TRAINED dog,” you say with pride,  
 But—is he nothing else beside?  
 Just that alone? Nay, mark what lies  
 Within the depths of soulful eyes:  
 A look which says, “You are to me  
 The god of my idolatry.  
 It matters not what you may do;  
 ’Twill sure be right, since you are—you.”

My only joy to see you glad;  
 When you are grieved I too am sad.  
 To be where you are and to bend  
 My will to yours—that is the end  
 And be-all of my life. What more  
 Can I desire or hunger for?”  
 “A well-trained dog”—yes, that is clear,  
 But more—a faithful friend stands here.

JOE WALKER.



## At the Bicester Show: "Among Those Present."



THE MISSES MARRIOTT.



MR. OLIVER GILBEY, DAME GERALD PRATT, O.B.E., MRS. T. BURROWS,  
AND MISS O. EYKEYN.



LADY PEYTON (SEATED) AND SOME FRIENDS.



MISS A. SPENCER AND HER SISTER, AND MRS. VICTOR  
ADAMSON.



MISS ROBUCK, MRS. J. L. MILLS, MASTER CAVENDISH,  
AND LORD CHESHAM.

The Bicester Agricultural Show had but a moderate entry as compared with recent years, and owing to the foot-and-mouth disease, the cattle classes were cancelled. The Shire horses were good, and Mr. George Cotterill practically swept the board. He was first with Charterhouse

Empress, first with Fenny Dream, and won first prize and medal with Fenny Menestral Girl. Lord Chesham, the Master of the Bicester, and Lady Chesham were among the principal prize-winners for hunters, and so was Lady Penrhyn.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]



# Nothing to Grouse About Here! Lord Inverclyde's Shoot.



(LEFT TO RIGHT) THE HON. MRS. BRASSEY, CAPTAIN C. H. BRASSEY, THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL, LIEUT.-COMMANDER GERALD McKENNA, R.N., LORD INVERCLYDE, MRS. RAWNSLEY, LADY INVERCLYDE, THE HON. MRS. McKENNA, COLONEL WALKER, D.S.O., MR. R. C. BROOMAN WHITE.



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN AND MISS WHARTON IN THE BUTTS.

Lord Inverclyde is enjoying good grouse-shooting at Rehane Moor, where he is entertaining an interesting house party, as may be seen in the photographs given above.—The Hon. Mrs. Brassey is the daughter of the first Viscount Churchill, and married Captain C. H. Brassey in 1920.—Lieut.-Commander Gerald McKenna, R.N., is the eldest son of Theodore



LORD INVERCLYDE AND THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL IN THE BUTTS.

McKenna, of 25, Bryanston Square, W. In 1922 he married the Hon. Emily Dunbar Burns, sister of Lord Inverclyde.—Lady Inverclyde is the widow of the third Baron, and the mother of the present Peer.—The Hon. Olive Campbell is the only daughter of Lord Blythwood.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

## Devotees of the Little White Ball.



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH BARONET: MISS JEAN BAIRD.



WIFE OF THE PREMIER BARONET OF GREAT BRITAIN: LADY DASHWOOD.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF LUCAN: LADY MARGARET BINGHAM.



THE CHILDREN OF A FAMOUS FINANCIER: MR. GILBERT AND MISS MARGARET KAHN.



DISTINGUISHED GOLFERS: MISS HUNNEWELL AND LORD CHARLES HOPE.



MR. AND MRS. KENNETH MILLS.

We feel that we must apologise for giving photographs of North Berwick yet again, but it has become such a Mecca of the summer golfer that practically all distinguished devotees of the game can be found there at this time of year. —Miss Jean Baird is the daughter of Sir David Baird,



MRS. AND MISS HOPE VANE AND THE HON. MRS. HASTINGS.

Photographs by Photo Illustrations and James Balmain.

M.V.O., the fourth Baronet.—Lady Dashwood married Sir John in 1922. He is in the Diplomatic Service.—Mr. Gilbert and Miss Margaret Kahn are the children of the celebrated American financier.—Lord Charles Hope is the brother of the present Marquess of Linlithgow.



## Related to Dawes of the Dawes Plan: Garden Portraits.



WITH SYLVIA AND JOHN: MR. AND MRS. DARCY DAWES, NEPHEW AND NIECE OF GENERAL CHARLES GATES DAWES.



AT KEMPTON MANOR, BRIGHTON: MR. AND MRS. DAWES WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

Mr. Darcy Dawes is the son of the late Sir Edwin Sandys Dawes, and nephew of General Dawes, whose name has been on everyone's lips in connection with his "plan." Before her marriage,

Mrs. Dawes was Miss Kenworthy Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Darcy Dawes have two children, John and Sylvia. Our photographs were taken at Kempton Manor, Brighton.

*Photographs by Compton Collier.*





## THE OLD FLAME.

By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

### XII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

JEAN RENTON and Stephen Trout were married in Sussex (at the parish church of Shambles) a few days after my divorce case. From their point of view it was, perhaps, fortunate that the case came on when it did, and that the jury found as they did. For Phyllis, by a very old arrangement, was to be chief bridesmaid; and had the divorce proceedings terminated otherwise, there might have been an awkwardness. I will not say that Mrs. Renton, Colonel Bungay, and other residents of Shambles were wholly happy about the thing as it was; but, though Phyllis had offered long ago to resign from her position, neither Jean nor Stephen would hear of it—Stephen because he would not believe any harm of Phyllis, and Jean because she didn't care.

I cannot defend Jean's attitude.

For myself, I went to the wedding on what the politicians would call "principle." It is, indeed, one of the oldest political principles there are never to confess yourself in the wrong. Further, it is the habit of our race to applaud the British jury as an institution, but never to believe what a British jury says. And I was determined to show the world that, whatever the world might think of the verdict, I believed in it myself.

For the same reason, I wanted Angela to come (Angela and I went home together the day after the case), but she would not. She wouldn't mind going with me, she said, if she had won the case; but, since she had lost, she knew people would sympathise with her, and she couldn't bear that. But she was very ready for me to go, and quite agreed that for the credit of all of us I ought to put in an appearance; the only thing that worried her was that the moth had got at my wedding trousers.

The only train of the day deposited the guests from London in the churchyard—as usual, about half-an-hour before the ceremony. We stood there chatting stiffly among the grave-stones; and it struck me how suitably we were dressed for our surroundings. It was a fine, bright day, and from the churchyard you had a wide, smiling view over the Weald to the blue sweep of the Downs beyond. The trees were still green and fresh; birds sang; there was joy in the air. And we were gathered there to celebrate the happiest day

in the lives of two young people. Or so, at least, the poets have agreed to say.

And we were dressed as we should have been dressed to see the same young people cremated. But for father Trout's white spats, the white slip of Colonel Bungay, and an occasional button-hole, we men were arrayed exactly as we should have been arrayed for a funeral; most of the women wore black; and Jean, when she appeared, wore a garment extremely like a shroud. Tulle, I fancy. Or maybe taffeta.

Such thoughts as these oppressed my spirit during the service. God knows, I would not pretend that it is not a serious thing to be married. The marriage ritual excellently asserts the solemnity of the contract; and so tremendous is the atmosphere of awe surrounding them that I suppose it is too much to expect the bride and bridegroom to look as if they enjoyed the prospect before them. Jean whispered her "I will," poor thing, in the accents of a Christian martyr consenting to be burned alive; and Stephen as if he had been condemned to do the burning. The parson did his part in a voice of doom. A marriage in theory, I suppose, is the grand beginning of things; but no one can be present at an English wedding without the sensation that it is the end of everything.

Perhaps it is. From where I stood (between two old ladies in black satin and jet) I could occasionally see Phyllis Fair's head and the back of her neck. The "note" of the bridesmaids' dresses was gold, and she had some kind of a green-and-gold fillet round her head. She was being very efficient and motherly with two infant bridesmaids, who stood on the bride's train and made ridiculous remarks. She too, perhaps, would soon be loving, honouring, and obeying. Perhaps a mother. She too would be finished.

I did not think much about the bride and bridegroom. One doesn't—at a wedding. Husbands think about their own wives, and the bachelors think about the bridesmaids. To a certain extent I did both.

One thinks of odd, far, silly things. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," said somebody far away; and I thought of the National Anti-Profiteering Society, who are promoting a Bill, I have read, to give effect to the principle that every man on marriage

shall make over a definite proportion of his wealth to his wife. Admirable, no doubt. But the marriage service must then be amended to: "With forty per cent. of my worldly goods I thee endow, or such other percentage as Parliament shall from time to time determine. . . ."

We sang a sad psalm.

Phyllis, I reflected, was once engaged to Stephen Trout. It might have been her wedding to-day. This thought gave me pleasure—I know not why. I have nothing against Stephen Trout.

We sang a melancholy hymn.

Still, we were in church, and I did not complain. But afterwards, at the reception, when we definitely pass to the secular side of the celebration, I do feel that we should pass more definitely to a different mood. The solemn vows were spoken; their fulfilment is a matter for the future. But now—surely, there should be song and dance, feasting and revelry, something at least to give expression to the old-fashioned notion that a marriage is a joyful thing. But this, I know, can scarce be done at half-past-two in the afternoon.

What happened was that we gathered in and about a large marquee on a wet lawn. I shook hands with the bride and bridegroom, and moved about among the chattering crowd, nibbling sandwiches and sugar-cakes; and everywhere as I went I heard the word "divorce." But when I spoke to people they talked neither of marriage nor divorce, but made one remark about the weather and were silent.

In "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" it is written—

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin,  
The guests are met, the feast is set,  
Mays't here the merry din.

In the marquee there was a din indeed, but none could call it merry. I saw Phyllis flitting about, polite and charming, and she indeed looked gay enough. She seemed very busy, and once, I thought, avoided my eye. And I observed that from time to time she halted and wrote something with a minute pencil in a tiny little golden book.

Presently she came towards me.

[Continued on Page 513.]



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## A Cousin of the Duke of Sutherland.



FORMERLY MISS FLAVIA FORBES : MRS. LIONEL HEALD.

Mrs. Lionel Heald is the daughter of Colonel and Lady Angela Forbes, and is related to the Duke of Sutherland, Lady Ednam,

Lord Rosslyn, and many other members of the Peerage. Her marriage to Mr. Lionel Heald took place in 1923.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*





**WHERE THE SUN HAS BEEN SHINING! A**

The complaints as to the weather have been almost general, but those who went to the Côte d'Azur had nothing to grumble at

*Photograph by*





# SWIMMING-POOL AT THE CAP D'ANTIBES.

about — among them Miss Margaret Morris, who had her summer school there in surroundings really ideal for open-air dancing.

*Fred Daniels.*



## A Belle in the Days of Beau Nash.



AS SEEN IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF "MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE": MISS DORIS KENYON  
AS LADY MARY CARLISLE, AT THE LONDON PAVILION,

The film version of "Monsieur Beaucaire" varies somewhat from the play, but Lady Mary Carlisle is still loved by the Duc de Chartres, known at Bath as "Monsieur Beaucaire"; the romantic atmosphere

is well maintained; and there are ample opportunities for the display of the beautiful clothes of the period by both men and women. The hero is Rodolph Valentino—sufficient attraction in itself.



## The Second Wife of the Second Duke.



THE FOURTH DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM NELSON: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

The Duchess of Westminster is the daughter of the late Sir William Nelson, and a sister of the present Baronet. In 1920 she married the

Duke of Westminster as his second wife. She is a very keen lawn-tennis player and racegoer.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LEO KLIN.



### A STUDY IN LIVING BRONZE.

A BELLE FROM THE SOUDAN.

There is a distinctly topical touch about this photograph now | cannot be argued, however, that the Soudanese belle is much  
that the Soudan is so much before the eyes of the public. It | interested in the political situation: she is too placid for that!



*Continued.*

"So you've remembered my existence at last?" I remarked.

"Not at all," said Phyllis. "I've remembered the existence of champagne."

I fought a passage between a Colonel and a Squire, and fetched her a glass. Two glasses. When I returned she was busily writing in the little book again.

"Journalism?" I inquired.

Phyllis looked up, blushing a little. "Making notes," she said, "for a future occasion."

"Is somebody going to die?"

Phyllis looked puzzled.

"I thought perhaps the occasion was a burial. You might pick up some very useful tips this afternoon. I should certainly have the same parson. And, speaking for myself, I shall wear the same clothes."

"You may not be there, Mr. Moon. It's a wedding."

"Whose wedding, Miss Fair?"

"Oh, anybody's. It might be mine."

"I shall certainly be there."

"You may not be asked, Mr. Moon."

I looked over her shoulder and read, with difficulty, "NO SQUASHY BUNS!—CAN'T BE EATEN STANDING; CHAIRS IN MARQUEE; LEMON SQUASH; NOSE-GAYS FOR INFANTILE BRIDESMAIDS."

"Have you made any note about the bridegroom?" I asked; and added a little wickedly, "Something on the lines of Stephen, I suppose?" Phyllis, I repeat, was once engaged to Stephen.

"Not at all," said Phyllis, and pouted with her nose, as rabbits do.

"Whoever it is," I murmured, "I shall be the best man, Miss Fair."

"Whoever it is," said Phyllis, "I hope you won't give me away, Mr. Moon."

"Well, well," I sighed, "I was right, after all. Somebody is going to die."

"Who, John?"

"The bride," I said, "at this wedding you speak of. Poor Jean!" And I sighed again.

"Poor Jean, Mr. Moon? She has achieved the greatest ambition of a woman's life."

"To achieve your greatest ambition at the age of twenty-four is death. Think of it," I went on earnestly. "To-night, of all the five young men who know and admire her, not one will give her a second thought. Not one will say to himself, 'Shall I ask Jean to dance with me, or Kate, or Phyllis?' They will say, 'Shall I ask Kate or Phyllis?' The name of Jean Renton will be wiped to-night from twenty invisible slates."

"If you mean Kate Manners," said Phyllis, a little warmly, "no man of any sense would ask himself such a question."

"I meant any Phyllis," I said hastily.

"I know several myself."

"Oh, well, you're a little depressing, Mr. Moon. Wouldn't you be interested in me any more if I was married?"

"Not to the same extent, Miss Fair. It wouldn't be right."

"It isn't right now, Mr. Moon."

"A British jury thought differently, Miss Fair."

Phyllis smiled.

"Well, I think you're wrong about marriage," she said, in a wise old way.

"Look about you," I said. "You may have observed that everyone is talking about divorce. No one is talking about the marriage. They are talking about you, not about Jean—"

"I don't want to be talked about," said Phyllis airily.

"You will, when you are married. Consider also the sombre clothes and faces of those about you, and compare them with the bright eyes and the gay costumes of those who thronged to hear the case of Moon against Moon and Fair."

Phyllis looked about her.

"Well, I've considered that," she said. "And what's the conclusion, Mr. Moon?"

"The conclusion is that a marriage is a dull thing, Miss Fair."

"When it is celebrated at half-past-two in the afternoon, I agree, Mr. Moon. The wedding I am thinking of will not be."

"By the Marriage Act, 1886," I said learnedly, "it must be between 8 a.m. and 3."

"By the Marriage Act, 1823," said Phyllis, coolly, "one can get a special license and have it done at any convenient time or place. The girl I am thinking of is going to be married at seven o'clock on a summer's evening. Everyone in evening dress, including the bridesmaids, Mr. Moon. After the service there is to be a banquet. And after that dancing. And I daresay Mr. Moon will drink too much; or will it be too dull for him?"

"I'm afraid you've missed the point—I began."

"Come and see the presents," said Phyllis. "You're talking about weddings, Miss Fair. I'm talking about marriages."

"I'm going to see the presents," said Phyllis firmly, moving away. I followed.

We wandered with the crowd round the barbarous display of trophies in the billiard-room, Phyllis making an occasional note in her book. We passed at least five mustard-pots, sixteen toast-racks, and seven cases of dessert-knives, a little tactlessly displayed together on a side-table.

"Is there so much dessert in all the world?" I murmured.

Phyllis stopped and made a note.

"I wish you wouldn't do that, Phyllis," I said.

"Why not, John?"

"It annoys me."

"Why, Mr. Moon?"

"I don't quite know."

Phyllis looked at me and opened her mouth to speak, as if about to say something sharp. But her eyes softened, and she said nothing.

"The Ancient Egyptians," I remarked, as we passed on, "when a personage died, presented him with every kind of domestic article, food and drink—enough to supply him for the whole of the after-life. This, I feel, is a very similar custom."

"How you do repeat yourself, Mr. Moon! Oh, what jolly tea-cups," said Phyllis.

"They'll soon be broken," I said cheerfully. "Poor Jean! She'll soon be ordering new ones. And new dishes. And new dessert-knives. New this. And new that. In a year or two they'll all be gone. Only Stephen will remain."

"I like ordering things," said Phyllis.

"Meals?" I murmured. But Phyllis was eagerly examining a basketful of linen.

"Observe," I said, "how domestic are the gifts. Each, in some subtle way, suggests settledness, finality, the end of things. Sheets and blankets, not gay embroideries. Blotters, not bangles. All is useful. There is nothing for joy."

"What would you suggest as a joyous present, Mr. Moon?"

I had no immediate answer.

"Well, not this undoubtedly ancient grandfather clock," I said at last. "Night after night, year after year, Jean will ask Stephen if he has wound up this clock. Night after night Stephen will have forgotten it—or, still more awful, he will have remembered it. Night after night—"

"At any rate, they will always know what time it is," said Phyllis.

"If you are happy," I said, "you do not care what time it is."

"What time is it now?" said Phyllis casually.

"Day after day," I went on, ignoring her inquiry. "Can you imagine a lifetime spent with Stephen?"

"I did once," said Phyllis soberly. "That was the day I broke it off. What time is it, John?"

"Can you imagine a lifetime spent with anyone, Phyllis?"

I do not know why I went on in this way. I know very well that it was both discreditable and idle. And so I knew at the time.

"I've tried," said Phyllis, with a patient air. "I'm doing so now, Mr. Moon. What time is it, please?"

I sighed. "It's Mr. Smith, I suppose?"

"It's Mr. Moon," said Phyllis gravely. "But I can't imagine it. I've asked you three times—"

"It's four o'clock," I said.

"I must go and dress the bride," said Phyllis, and scurried away.

After we had thrown rice in the faces of the happy pair, and sent them off with that accompaniment of jeers and semi-malicious practical jokes which is considered suitable for such occasions, I wandered out on to the deserted lawn, for my train did not leave for another hour. I paced up and down, thinking even less of the bride and bridegroom than before. And presently Phyllis came out.

"There's one present I don't think you've seen," she said, a little slyly, and turned invitingly indoors. "Unless you're in a hurry to go, Mr. Moon, I've something to tell you."

"I don't want to hear it, Phyllis," I said. "But you may show me the present."

We went upstairs to a kind of studio, where was the enormous grand piano which Mrs. Renton had given Jean. On the music-stand stood a book of Old English Songs, such as Phyllis sings.

"Sing me a song, Phyllis," I said.

"What shall I sing, Mr. Moon?" said Phyllis, turning over the pages.

"You might sing 'So we'll go no more a-roving,' Miss Fair."

"Oh, dear!" said Phyllis. "That isn't in the book. Are you feeling sentimental, John?"

"Yes, Phyllis. I like it."

"So do I, John. But I think it's just as well we didn't elope last June, Mr. Moon."

"Possibly, Miss Fair. But why?"

"You wouldn't be sentimental any more, John—not by this time."

"Not on the Italian lakes?"

"Not about me. Men are only sentimental about the things they can't have, Mr. Moon."

"And women, Miss Fair?"

"Women are sentimental about the things they've got. Husbands, for example."

"That's sentimentality."

"It's very sensible," said Phyllis.

"You might sing that," I said, looking over her shoulder.

"Very well, John. But it isn't a woman's song."

"It isn't a sensible song, certainly. But it suits you, Phyllis."

Phyllis sang "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?"—very soft and sweet and clear. And towards the end of the second verse a slow, faint flush crept over her cheeks.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter,  
What's to come is still unsure;  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty!  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

"Thank you, Phyllis," I said. "But you rather hurried the last line but one."

"There's no one here who is—who is twenty," said Phyllis softly, looking at the book.

"Thank you, Phyllis," I said again.

"It's a beautiful song," she said.

"It is," I admitted. "But is it sensible? What, for example, does it mean?"

"It means—" said Phyllis, hesitating, "it means—I told you I had something to tell you, John." She paused.

"The important line," I observed, "is 'What's to come is still unsure.' Which is both sensible and beautiful, I agree, for it contains the whole meaning of life. The delicious pleasure of uncertainty."

"It's a man's line," said Phyllis. "But it goes on, Mr. Moon, 'In delay there lies no plenty.'"

"It goes on, Miss Fair, 'Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.'"

[Continued on Page xx.]





## Criticisms in Cameo.



### I.

#### MR. FRANK TINNEY, 'AT THE EMPIRE.

THERE is only one word for it—genius. Mr. Tinney's art defies analysis. You laugh from the moment he appears until the end of his turn, and you laugh again at every recollection of him. Yet you cannot say what it is that tickles your sides. It isn't his costume, though you always picture him in his scarlet tunic with gold epaulettes. It isn't his black mask scored across with big red lips. It isn't his monumental immobility nor his back-chat with his lieutenant, the redoubtable Ernest in the conductor's chair. Yet all these are so much part of him that we could not conceive his performance in any other fashion. He has the same expectedness as Grock. I did not see him ten years ago, but they tell me he has not varied one particular. He is the embodiment of perfect nonsense. He can be sublimely ridiculous and ridiculously sublime. His humour is irresistible in its brilliant banality. I can see him now with his beady bright eyes gleaming in his round sooty face and looking so bewildered at us. He is fumbling with his lines and never opening his mouth without putting his foot in it. He babbles in ceaseless pattering balderdash. He compels us to be aiders and abettors in his foolery. There is wizardry in it. Be you as sober as a judge or as vinegar-faced as a misanthrope, he will banish all your idiot moralities with a word. He has the talisman that would extract sunbeams from cucumbers. We say his performance is a triumph of personality, of mind over matter, but what do we mean? I do not know except he makes us sensible of what is temperamentally real in him. Beneath this stratum of grotesque oddity is the ore of wisdom, something that brings order to chaos and interpretation to bathos. He bridges the colour line and makes us chuckle in sympathy. The negro intelligence—its 'cuteness, blandness, childlike exuberance, humour—is mirrored without spleen. Mr. Frank Tinney is a great comedian informing life with the spirit of merriment. His spirit of bonhomie and perverse rationality is of so high an order that he makes the irrational illuminating and the absurd a comical commentary. But you cannot explain his elusive art any more than a joke, so go to the Empire and enjoy it.

G. F. H.

### II.

#### "MORALS," AT THE WIMBLEDON THEATRE.

PREVIOUS to its presentation at the Comedy, this new American play by Jules Eckhart Goodman, with Miss Edna Best in the leading rôle,

was tried out at Wimbledon, and I went down to see it. Let me say at the outset that it is the work of a practised hand, and the action is cleverly contrived to give the actors good opportunities which they know how to take. It is the story of a conflict between the younger generation and its elders. Harry Mowbray, the son of very proper and strict parents, has got into an entanglement with a young art student, and, after the first fine careless rapture of romance has fled, he is anxious to start life afresh. His mother looks on the affair as a great crime that cannot be condoned. The boy's uncle—the *raisonneur* of the play—describes the lapse as "the simplest thing in the world." The girl refuses a bribe of money.

is tensely written, though spoiled by clichés. Though the theme has been well worn and the dramatist has little fresh to say, the plot is neatly constructed and interesting, and the telling is graced with humorous observation. "Morals" is a well-made play with good theatrical situations, but it has little other merit. There is no artistic content, no high emotional significance. The last act is an "assault upon the feelings"—the phrase is Stevenson's, and is most applicable. The acting and the production I will leave till Mr. Vedrenne brings it to the West End, for this latest sex-problem importation from U.S.A. is essentially a players' play.

G. F. H.

### III.

#### "THE BELLS," AT THE SAVOY.

IS this London, 1924? Or am I a boy again thronging at the gallery door of the Leeds Theatre to see the great Irving as Mathias? Oh, what a world of bitter experience lies between me and that happy time. Shall I ever forget how I saved my money and counted the days to that memorable occasion, how I mounted the stone stairs as eagerly as Lamb and his sister were wont to climb into the gods of Drury Lane? These were the days of the horse bus, the growler, and the hansom cab. These were the days when it was considered wicked to be a frequenter of theatres. Yet have I ever since known the like of the thrills I got at the sound of those sleigh-bells? Surely these blessed things of memory have played me another trick, for I would swear the breeze of youth smote my cheek as I sat in the theatre and saw Mr. Henry Baynton walk the stage. Whirled back into the past, I watched this queer old-fashioned melodrama through misty eyes. I was not critical. It was too remote, too full of associations, too alive with old forgotten things for me to do anything but take joy in recollection. The play is all cardboard—theatric, crude, stilted and dead. There is no semblance of vital, creative truth to give form and pressure to the melodrama. But all this disparagement is the conclusion of my later thought. As a boy I was not conscious of any fault or blemish. The theatre was an Aladdin's treasure-house, and this one of its finest jewels. Pity the man who is false to his first joys. I thank Mr. Baynton for so much—I cannot do more—that his revival did give me a taste of a lost cup, and sent a wonderful procession marching through my brain—a procession, I must confess, that had little to do with the Savoy production. Still, Mr. Baynton is competent, and he did well enough.

G. F. H.



ETCHED BY TROY KINNEY: PAVLOVA IN HER GAVOTTE.

Pavlova, whose season at Covent Garden opened on Monday last, is here shown by Troy Kinney, the celebrated American etcher, in her Gavotte, which is always one of the most popular items of her programme.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Artist. Photograph by Juley and Son.

When the secret of her child is disclosed, she refuses a loveless marriage. The pharisaical forces of the outraged Mowbrays that counted cash as "a receipt in full" when there was no complication of a child to consider now, in the name of respectability, command a marriage service. It is the crisis of "Hindle Wakes" over again, except in this case the girl did genuinely love; and because love is a higher law than duty she determines to stand alone. The ghost of her story threatens the future of the Mowbrays' daughter. She, too, has rebelled against the tyranny of the well-intentioned parents, and flung herself with no chart but her emotions on the open sea of life, and her shipwreck is only prevented by the timely warning of the heroine. But the play itself runs on the rocks. The happy ending is artistically insincere and quite out of character. The dialogue

old forgotten things for me to do anything but take joy in recollection. The play is all cardboard—theatric, crude, stilted and dead. There is no semblance of vital, creative truth to give form and pressure to the melodrama. But all this disparagement is the conclusion of my later thought. As a boy I was not conscious of any fault or blemish. The theatre was an Aladdin's treasure-house, and this one of its finest jewels. Pity the man who is false to his first joys. I thank Mr. Baynton for so much—I cannot do more—that his revival did give me a taste of a lost cup, and sent a wonderful procession marching through my brain—a procession, I must confess, that had little to do with the Savoy production. Still, Mr. Baynton is competent, and he did well enough.



# Movement Fixed: Famous Dancers Seen by Troy Kinney.



IN THE MANTILLA OF HER NATIVE LAND: TORTOLA VALENCIA.



IN "PRINCE IGOR": ADOLF BOLM.



A PERFECT BALLET-DANCER: ADELINE GENÉE.



IN "LES SYLPHIDES": LOPOKOVA AND NIJINSKY.

The etchings of Mr. Troy Kinney, the famous American etcher, should be of especial interest to "Sketch" readers, as he has depicted Russian and other dancers who are well known in this country. The one of Nijinsky has a sad interest of its own, as

it must have been done shortly before that great dancer left the stage. Mme. Adeline Genée has retired, and only dances now very occasionally for charity, when she still delights all lucky enough to see her.—[Photographs by Juley.]

Reproduced by courtesy of the Artist. Those of Mme. Tortola Valencia and Mlle. Adeline Genée by courtesy also of Messrs. Kennedy and Co.

# Films of the Moment: No. XXIII. "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



OPENING THE FATAL DOOR WHICH WILL REVEAL HER HUSBAND'S PAST: MISS GLORIA SWANSON IN A SCENE FROM THE TALE FROM WHICH THE PLAY TAKES ITS NAME.



A FANCY-DRESS ENTERTAINMENT: MISS GLORIA SWANSON (IN THE CENTRE) AS MONNA DE BRIAC.



MONNA DE BRIAC AND HER HUSBAND, JOHN BRANDON (MR. HUNTLEY GORDON).



SEEING THE BODIES OF HER PREDECESSORS: MISS GLORIA SWANSON IN THE TALE FROM WHICH "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE" DERIVES ITS NAME.

The film version of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a Paramount Picture, differs from the play as produced at the Globe Theatre, for that was modern, and modern only; whereas, the Paramount production gives

us scenes from the old tale from which the play derives its title. This is Miss Gloria Swanson's opportunity to display some more gorgeous clothes, and show that she can excel in both tragedy and comedy.



· OLD · TIME · CUSTOMS ·



**St. Bartholomew's Fair.**

Bartholomew Fair was held annually in West Smithfield, London, from 1133 till 1855, on St. Bartholomew's Day (Aug. 24th, old style). It was at one time the chief cloth fair in the country. A great feature of the Fair was the large number of exhibitions, shows, performers of all descriptions, quack doctors, etc., which combined to make it widely popular.

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(Hamlet & Horatio)

## DEWAR'S THE SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the sunshine of life. Its rays reveal in the hearts of friends unswerving loyalty, unfailing understanding and mutual appreciation of all things that strengthen comradeship, not least among them the unchanging friendliness of...

## DEWAR'S



# Diving for Grace: Margaret Morris Dancers Training.



HESITATING BEFORE TAKING THE PLUNGE.



A GRACEFUL DIVE.



SOME MARGARET MORRIS DANCERS AND MRS. EUGENE GOOSSENS (FACING THE CAMERA.)



RESTING AFTER A DIP.

This is the second year that Miss Margaret Morris has taken her summer school to the Cap d'Antibes; and who would deny her wisdom, when one remembers that sunshine is essential for dancing in the open air, and that

can be relied upon on the Riviera during July and August? Swimming plays a very important part in the Margaret Morris training, and members of her school can be seen daily performing remarkable feats in diving.

*Photographs by Bertram Park.*

# The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

IN spite of the unspeakably wretched conditions under which August lawn-tennis tournaments have had to be conducted, entries and enthusiasm have been as big as ever. Most of our leading players have proved themselves something more than amphibious creatures—able to adapt themselves to carry on a prolonged struggle both on land and water, and ready to adjust their methods to the totally different surfaces of either grass or rubble.

The wonder is that the visiting Davis Cup team players, Louis Raymond and Condon, have been able to attain the run of successes that has lately gone their way under such totally foreign surface conditions. The Champion of South Africa, Raymond, was recently down at that delightful little spot in South Devon, Budleigh Salterton, winning everything it was possible to win. In the open singles he beat S. M. Jacob, the All-India player, by two straight sets, 6-2, 6-4, and, with his fellow-countryman, Condon, took the men's doubles from Dillon (the Irish international) and H. A. Davis, without losing a single

Southampton Water. The tournament was, of course, played on the county cricket ground, but at times the heavy rains had forced it to assume an aspect almost as depressing as the western shore at low tide. Still, with Burrow at the helm, the tournament was safely brought into the harbour of finality. This meeting saw the retirement, after fifteen years in office, of Mr. Ferryman, secretary of the Southampton Lawn-Tennis Association, as they call it. He was the originator of the tournament, and had been a very valuable asset to the game in the district. He has been succeeded by two joint secretaries, H. W. Cresswell Morris, and S. Hybart. In the premier event, we again find Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Mayes as the winner. Sir G. A. Thomas was his opponent, but he went down in three sets against the persistency and greater accuracy of the Canadian International. If I may offer a little advice to the vanquished, it would be in the form of a suggestion that he should have driven the four pieces, Kt at K 4th, B at R 6th, and pawns at K Kt 7th and K Kt 4th, and so cramped M's game that he could scarcely budge. But many of Thomas's best moves were spoilt by the slippery state of the board. It must not, however, be overlooked that Mayes only just got through into the final stage of the event, and in the semi-final he discovered (if he didn't know it before) how hard Hadi is to beat. Half-a-dozen times in that prolonged struggle over the final set, which went to eighteen games, was the Light Blue Indian within a stroke of depriving Mayes of the chance of retaining the cup.

But then, Mayes always enters the court so fearfully fit. He has a torso which might well have been the model for the Apoxyomenos, that notable statue in the Vatican at Rome. I don't know that he ever actually uses the strigil, but he is a great believer in anointing himself and massaging the skin before and after exercise. F. M. B. Fisher has always been a regular competitor at Southampton. Out of the last

four occasions on which he has played in the Men's Doubles, he has three times been successful—but always with different partners. In 1921 he won with S. N. Doust, in 1922 with S. R. Youdale. Then, last year, the Cambridge pair, Hadi and Rutnam, spoilt his run of victories. This year he gathered unto himself as accomplice the Army

champion, Lieutenant H. T. S. King, and they whacked the holders, Hadi and Rutnam, most soundly to the tune of 6-4, 6-1.

The real thrill of the Southampton Meeting however, was provided by the ladies, in the final of their doubles. Mrs. Stocks and Miss Lumley Ellis were opposed to Miss J. M. Coote and Mrs. Tuckey; and the former won, after a three-set match, with the scores of 6-8, 6-4, 9-7. The crowd loved this fine exhibition of really good lawn-tennis, in which all four ladies volleyed well.

At the conclusion of the meeting, S. J. Jeffery, the President of the Southampton Lawn-Tennis Association, made a speech in which he congratulated everybody except the Clerk of the Weather. Lady Swaythling graciously presented the cups to the winners. The prizes in the Mixed Doubles were divided between Mr. and Mrs. Tuckey and Crole-Rees and Mrs. Stocks, owing to heavy rain stopping play.

The American Championships have been favoured with ideal weather—if extremely hot. The match in which Lacoste was beaten in



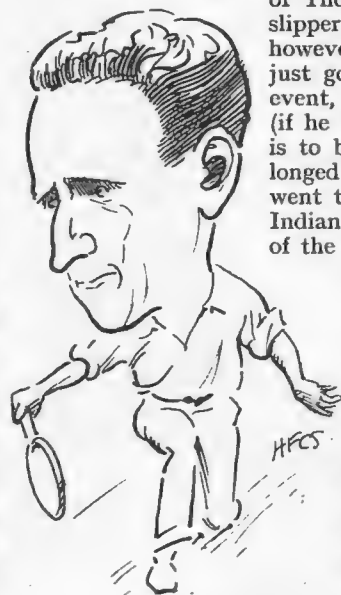
GERALD PATTERSON  
SEMI-FINALIST AMERICAN  
CHAMPIONSHIPS  
DEFEATED BY JOHNSTON—  
6-2, 6-0, 6-0.

game. Lastly—and very briefly—Raymond, together with Mrs. Shepherd-Barron, won the mixed doubles against S. M. Jacob and Miss Ryan, 6-0, 1-6, 6-3.

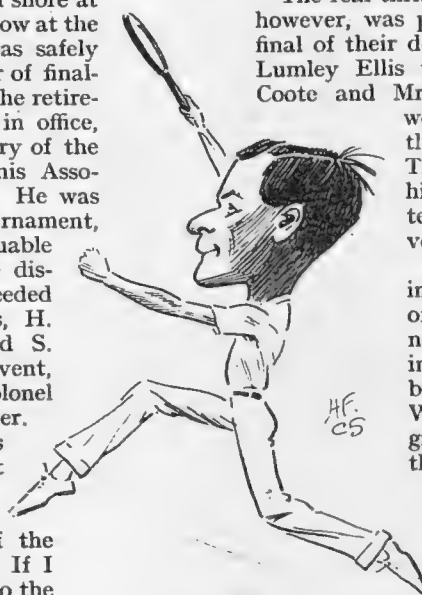
The previous week he had won the North of England Championship at Scarborough. All this success achieved, as I said before, on surfaces as different from the earth surface of his home courts as the proverbial chalk when compared with the Cheddar.

The slithy Sleem, vanquished as he was at Scarborough by the ruthless Raymond, said he would be dashed if he let his opponent beat him in the final of the open singles at Hastings. And so it came about that instead of Royden Dash emulating the example of William the Conqueror at that well-known seaside resort in 1066, the All-India International played the victor's part. Sensational headlines, such as: "Serious reverse at Seaside," "Surprise at Hastings," sold Saturday and Sunday papers, like hot cakes. It was all about the victory of Miss Holcroft over Mrs. Beamish. Miss Holcroft lost the first set 4-6; put up a tremendous fight in the second, which she won 8-6; and then finished up with a comfortable final set, 6-2.

From Hastings let us now hurry on to



W. M. JOHNSTON



W. T. TILDEN



BOROTRA GETS  
THE K.O. & SEES STARS  
IN AMERICA.

three straight sets, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3, by Johnston, looked at in the light of this young Frenchman's play at Wimbledon, fosters the thought that both his and Borotra's brilliance shone out only because "Little Bill" was not there to eclipse it. It appears that Lacoste was having far more of the game than the score suggests.

The semi-final between Johnston and Patterson must have been worth going many miles to see. The issue is in doubt at the time of writing, but I should have no fear of predicting a victory for the American. Contrast in personality and style is here very great: the delicate-looking American who yet contrives to get such power into his drives, and tempers his game with beautiful, easily produced, artistic strokes; Patterson, relying almost entirely on his great physical strength, every ounce of which he puts into his service. I should be very surprised if this all-powerful method of attack prevails over the other, which combines both power and subtlety.



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OF THE COMING  
OF  
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# The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

## The Length of Novels.

I have made a discovery with regard to the length of modern novels which will probably—or shall we be modest and say possibly?—make even greater fortunes for our authors and publishers, and prove an “inestimable boon” to the reading public.

My discovery is this. Whilst analytical or psychological novels—the kind of novel, I mean, which gives you the travels and travails of some tortured human soul, or two human souls—are far too long, the stories of adventure and hairbreadth escape, sometimes known as “thrillers,” are far too short.

As an example of the first kind of story, take Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, “After the Verdict.” Here, of course, you have a very able piece of work, executed by a master hand. But it runs to no fewer than five hundred and thirty-eight pages of closely printed matter—so closely printed that there is not even the usual generous space between the chapters.

Contrast that with “The Third Round,” by “Sapper,” or “The Two Strange Men,” by Storer Clouston, or “The Three of Clubs,” by Valentine Williams, or “The Secret of Greylands,” by Annie Haynes, or “Room 13,” by Edgar Wallace.

## What the Public Can Stand.

Most of these stories are written by experts in the thrill business, and yet not one of them runs to much more than three hundred pages, and one of them—I will not tell you which one—is all over in 288 pages.

What does this mean? A “thriller” is always read swiftly, and these yarns are set in large type with ample spacings. So that a person who lives some miles from the library would be more than halfway through one of the books I have mentioned before they got it home, and the next day, at latest, they would return the copy to the library, and another subscriber would have it.

In this way, one copy would serve ten subscribers, whereas, if our writers of thrillers made them twice or thrice as long, the libraries would be compelled to order twice or thrice as many copies.

The psycho-analytical novels, on the other hand, should be much shorter. These books, to be appreciated, must be read slowly, and the public do not like a book which lasts them too long. They get tired of the sight of it lying about. They wish they were at the end of it. They can stand any amount of excitement, but a very little soul-dissection goes a long way with the average reader.

I make these remarks solely in the interest of authors and publishers. If I am right they can profit by my suggestion. If I am wrong they can ignore it. Either way, it won't matter to me.

“Room 13.” Mr. Edgar Wallace rather frightens me. His knowledge of crooks and master-crooks is so extensive that I am sure I shall run from him

the next time we meet in the street. He knows too much. He is uncanny.

Did you know there was a club in London—Mr. Wallace calls it the Highlow Club—designed, built, owned, and run entirely by crooks? It is a magnificent club.



ENGAGED TO JACK DEMPSEY: MISS ESTELLE TAYLOR.

Miss Estelle Taylor is well known to film “fans” the world over, and during the past four years she has played in such well-known pictures as “A Fool There Was,” “Monte Cristo,” and “While New York Sleeps.” Her latest success was in the part of Miriam in “The Ten Commandments.” Dempsey has declared that after his marriage he will take part in a few contests and then leave the ring altogether.

Photograph by C.N.



THE COMING OF AGE OF VISCOUNT MOUNTGARRET: CELEBRATIONS AT NIDD HALL.

Piers Henry Augustine Butler, sixteenth Viscount Mountgarret, was born in 1903, and succeeded his father in 1918. In our group (from left to right) are Lady Mountgarret, Lord Mountgarret, Miss Maisie Thompson, Miss Geraldine Wall, and Miss Daphne Price.—[Photograph by C.N.]

You can eat in it, sleep in it, entertain in it, drink in it, play cards in it, forge in it, murder in it, commit suicide in it, and destroy all traces of crime in it. The Highlow Club. The most exclusive club in London. Even the taximen do not know where it is. When

a member drives to the Highlow Club, he dismisses his cab in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Shaftesbury Avenue! That makes your flesh creep, say what you may! So near to you as that! Any day, coming or going to a theatre, you may rub shoulders with a professional murderer on his way to the Highlow Club! And here are you knowing no more about the position of the club than the taxi-drivers!

But Scotland Yard knows all about it, and that's where our author gets me bothered. If Scotland Yard knows of a place where people can print forged notes by the million, and if Scotland Yard is aware that a furnace exists in the basement of this club with a stoker in constant attendance, wherein the members can destroy the evidences of their guilt in a moment of time, why doesn't Scotland Yard have it razed to the ground? Or is it more convenient for Scotland Yard to have all the arch-crooks in London just where they can find them? I don't know the answer to this question, but I do know that when, in my youth, we wanted to rid ourselves of a plague of wasps, we always destroyed the nest.

## The Club at Work.

“Jeff looked at his watch; it was a quarter to ten, and he glanced up at the light; catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror of the buffet, was satisfied.

“Room 13! And Marney was his wife! The blood surged up into his face, gorging the thick veins in his temples at the thought. She should pay! He had helped the old man, as he would help him in any graft, but he had never identified himself so completely with the plan as he did at that moment.

“‘Put her down to earth,’ had said Emanuel, and, by God, he would do it. As for Johnny Gray. . . .

“The door opened stealthily, and a hand came in, holding a Browning. He heard the creak of the door, but did not look round, and then:

“‘Bang!’

“Once the pistol fired. Jeff felt a sharp twitch of pain, exquisite, unbearable, and fell forward on his knees.

“Twice he endeavoured to rise; then, with a groan, fell in a huddled heap, his head in the empty fireplace.”

That is the sort of club to get into if you can manage it.

## How They Talk.

Another thing that rather puzzles an ingenuous person such as myself in the course of this excellent thriller is why all the crooks talk a species of American slang. The scene of the story is undoubtedly England. The names of the characters are English. And yet this is a fair sample of their conversation:

“Listen, Jeff Legge. I'm a patient woman, up to a point, and I'll stand for all your bad temper whilst you're ill. But

you're living in a new age, Jeff, and you'd better wake up to the fact. All that Bill Sikes and Nancy stuff never did impress me. I'm no clinger. If you got really rough with me, I'd bat you, and that's a fact. It may not be womanly, but it's wise. I

[Continued overleaf.]

(Continued.)

never did believe in the equality of the sexes, but no girl is the weaker vessel if she gets first grip of the kitchen poker."

Anyway, if you want a jolly good plunge into the under-world of London, Mr. Edgar Wallace is the bath-attendant with the tickets.

"The Secret of Greylands," being written by a lady, is naturally less violent than "Room 13." I don't remember much shooting in it, if any, and I am practically certain there is no secret furnace.

But it is very, very gruesome. It is also



AN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER VISITING  
AN AMBASSADOR: MME. KIKUCHI.

Mme. Kikuchi is the daughter of the Japanese Ambassador to Berlin, and is now paying a visit to the Japanese Ambassador in London.

Photograph by Bassano.

mysterious, eerie, and shivery. In fact, if you will kindly look up in your dictionary all the words that correspond with "eerie," and set them down in a neat list, that will save me a lot of time and trouble.

Cynthia Letchingham is the heroine. The day before we make her acquaintance she was Cynthia Densham, but she married a very unpleasant kind of fellow, and therefore left him, wisely, immediately after the wedding ceremony.

She had an invitation to visit a cousin in Northumberland. The cousin's name was Hannah, and she, also, had married not wisely but too well. Mr. Gillman was the name of Hannah's husband, and the couple lived at Greylands, in Northumberland. As you know, anything may happen in a remote Northumberland hamlet, and a good deal happened to Cynthia as well as to the unfortunate Hannah.

Cynthia was not expected at Greylands. Her cousin Hannah is "ill in bed," and Mr. Gillman is very mysterious about the matter. Cynthia can stay the night, but she cannot see Hannah. And there are no servants in the house. Only an old woman who comes in to do the rough work.

Creeps. So there you have the situation—the lonely Northumberland house, the forlorn and helpless Cynthia, the saturnine Mr. Gillman, and the invisible Hannah. All the rest of the story centres round the invisible Hannah.

Why could she not see Hannah? Just how ill was Hannah? Was Hannah ill at all? Was Hannah in the house? Was Hannah—?

"Entirely without servants?" Cynthia echoed amazedly. "I do not understand! Do you mean that there is no one to attend to cousin Hannah?"

"Gillman took up a position before the fire and leaned against the high oaken mantelpiece, one hand pulling his moustache and partly shading his face.

"Your cousin has the bad taste to prefer my ministrations to those of anyone else," he said, with a smile which seemed to alter the whole character of his face.

"Looking at his expression in repose, Cynthia had decided that, notwithstanding his undeniable good looks, the straight, regular features, and the large blue eyes, the whole effect was repellent in the extreme; but the smile altered everything—it was curiously bright and winning, and the rows of straight white teeth gave an expression of superb health and strength."

Sybil Hammond Now, it is all very well to arrive at a man's house and say you are his wife's cousin and have been invited. You may even produce a letter to prove your *bona fides*. But two can play at that game.

Mr. Gillman announced to the astonished Cynthia that another girl was coming to the house—one Sybil Hammond. Who on earth was Sybil Hammond? Oh, another cousin of dear Hannah's. Hannah was apparently making a collection of cousins—though Hannah herself was still invisible.

Sybil was a very sweet little thing. She had a soft downy cheek which she held up to be kissed, and she had a wealth of lovely golden hair, and a pretty smiling mouth, and large hazel eyes. These eyes, by the way, "could melt into anger or glow with a strange reflected light of green and opal and pale transparent blue." Wouldn't you like to have eyes like that, dear lady? Yes, of course you would; and, anyway, it is all so exciting that I cannot wait for your answer.

Sybil was a great favourite with cousin Hannah. Cousin Hannah would always see Sybil, but she was not so anxious to have Cynthia in her room. Yet Cynthia was admitted at last.

#### Hannah Receives.

"The room was a large one, handsomely furnished; a large alcove at the farther end formed a sort of dressing-room, pretty shaded lamps stood on the mantelpiece, a bright fire burned in the fireplace; but Cynthia only had eyes for the quiet figure that lay propped up by pillows in the great hearse-like looking bed that stood in the middle of the room. She went forward quickly.

"Dear Cousin Hannah, how glad I am to see you," taking one of the stiffened, unresponsive hands in hers and chafing it as she bent over and pressed a warm kiss upon the woman's cheek.

"Cynthia!" Lady Hannah said faintly, in a low, thick voice. "You should have

written—you should not have come like this. Sit down, child, and tell me what brings you here?"

"Feeling chilled and thrown back upon herself, Cynthia took the chair that stood by the bed.

"Gillman leaned against the heavy carved oaken posts at the bottom.

"I think I shall leave you two to have your talk out now," he said. "You must give Cynthia a better welcome than that, Hannah."

"Don't be away long!" the invalid implored, the whispering, husky tones becoming suddenly agitated. "I don't like to be left with a stranger without you, Henry."

Puzzle: Was Hannah Hannah? Further puzzle: Find Sybil.

#### "Dreaming Spires."

And here is another tale of a young woman who suddenly, at the age of twenty, after being brought up in "comfort and luxury," finds herself "alone and penniless."

But no Northumberland village for her, thank you. Her name is Dallas, and she hies herself to Oxford. Oxford may be the home of lost causes, but it is also the city of dreaming spires, and the dreaming spires have an inspiring effect upon Dallas.

Dallas is no dreamer. The best of everything is good enough for Dallas, and there are plenty of dear old duffers of men at Oxford who would be jam for people of the Dallas type if once the Dallases could get into their houses.

And this Dallas does. Not only does she get in, but she stays in. Not only does she stay in, but she is adopted by the dear old duffer—the sort of helpless old thing that you label a dilettante, and



WITH A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF BY MR. HOWARD ROBINSON:  
MISS MARIE NOVELLO, THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

Miss Marie Novello recently gave a very successful recital at the Æolian Hall. Our photograph shows her examining a picture of herself recently painted by Mr. Howard Robinson.—(Photograph by P.P.P.)

leave it at that. Yes, and there is a young man and all.

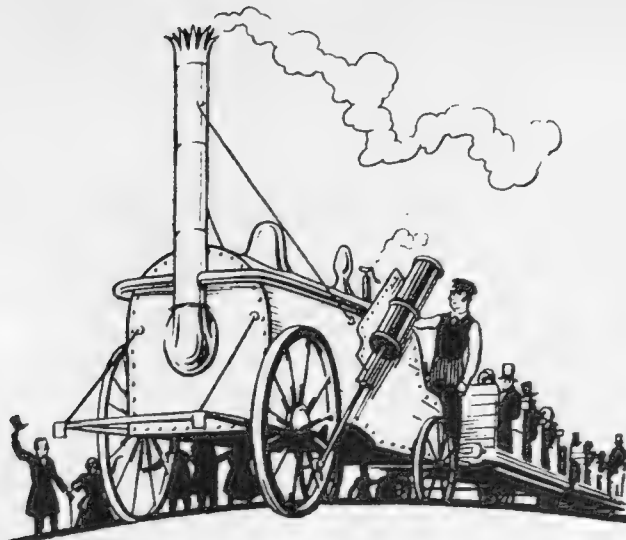
Well, well. That I should have lived to discover these things.

Room 13. By Edgar Wallace. (John Long; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Secret of Greylands. By Annie Haynes. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

Dreaming Spires. By Diana Patrick. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)





A HUNDRED years ago Stephenson was unknown. In 1824 he did things which changed the history of the world. The following year his "Rocket" rattled on its uncertain course between Stockton and Darlington. Only then did people begin to say 'Who is this Stephenson?'



The spirit of Stephenson lives again in Chrysler. Chrysler is one of the greatest men in the motor industry. But hitherto he has worked in comparative obscurity. Absorbed for the past fifteen years in experiment and research, here is the figure we must look to for the next step on the path of motor-car progress

\* A further announcement concerning the attainments and aims of Mr. W. P. Chrysler will be made in next weeks issue of this journal

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**BUICK**  
ANNOUNCEMENT

*The*  
*new*  
**20 h.p.**  
**Six**

# A NEW MEMBER *of the* BUICK FAMILY



**A** NEW member of the Buick family compels respect because of the Buick traditions which it inherits.

The NEW 20 h.p. 6-CYLINDER BUICK is in everything save size an exact replica of its big brother, the 27 h.p. model, but with such modifications as regards power, weight, and price as to make it attractive to those who have hitherto had to limit themselves to a Four-Cylinder car.

In now building "Sixes" exclusively, Buick is demonstrating its faith in the much greater smoothness, better acceleration, and all-round increased satisfaction given by the six-cylinder engine.

All models fitted with LOW PRESSURE TYRES and FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

## And look at the Price !

Chassis	...	...	...	...	£295
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5-seater "Majestic" Tourer	...	...	...	...	£395
4-seater Coupé	...	...	...	...	£500
5-seater Saloon	...	...	...	...	£525

*The above prices and free delivery apply in Great Britain and Ulster only. Prices of the new 27 h.p. models are the same as the present 27 h.p. models.*

*Write for the name of your local Buick Dealer, who will gladly give you full particulars and a demonstration.*



## GENERAL MOTORS LTD

THE HYDE, HENDON, N.W.9



# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

## Olympia Models Now Available.

With great difficulty man breaks away from custom, so that it has required much courage from manufacturers of motor-cars to announce to-day that their models that will be seen at Olympia Motor Show are now available for purchase. With few exceptions, the annual automobile exhibitions in London and Paris have always been the venue of the new motor-carriage during the twenty-five years of its existence as a practical means of transport. Rolls-Royce were the first to break away from

designed, roomy and comfortable coupé body, this new Waverley is an ideal car for doctors and others who wish to keep their carriage always on the road. There are no valves to grind in, and the engine does not seem to require decarbonising until many thousands of miles have been covered. It has the characteristic of sleeve-valve engines in its good pulling powers at low revolutions of the fly-wheel, as well as at high speeds; and of climbing steep hills on top gear. I did not find its fuel-consumption at all high, although I drove it hard at 30 to 50 miles an hour,

which might at least have increased the oil used, but did not. Excellent service has been given in the Clyde district this year by motor-boats fitted with single sleeve-valve engines by the Bergius Launch and Engine Co., Ltd. This is an exhaustive test of merit, for motor-boat engines have to keep up their full power for much longer periods of time than any car can possibly get the chance to maintain on our Scotch, Welsh and English

roads. The new Waverley is a high-class piece of work both in coachwork and in its mechanical details. It does not pretend to be cheap, but is a smooth-running, vibrationless motor that is worth the price anybody who tries it



shocks formerly experienced over rough surfaces. Also, the doors of the coachwork are wider; and, at last—not before it was needed—better protection and comfort have been provided for those seated in the rear cushions by the back squab being considerably higher than it was originally. Motorists generally, and the fair sex in particular, may thank our gracious Queen for setting the fashion in demanding higher and more comfortable cushions in motor-carriages, and refusing to be trammelled by a craze for “lines” like an aeroplane shell. The artistic mind often carries its ideas beyond the lines of comfort. It has happened before, and no doubt will again. But it is pleasant to record that more sensible ideas are causing coachbuilders to provide better support to the traveller in motor-carriages, so allowing the user to rest her head instead of having it waggled to and fro with every movement of the vehicle. Our King and Queen insist on plenty of headroom being provided inside their own 57-h.p. Daimler carriages, and Messrs. Hooper, their coach-builders, have given this without any outrage on the artistic sense of the beholder of these royal vehicles. Consequently, Olympia models are having the good sense—or, rather, their exhibitors are—to pay attention to this need of proper support for the passenger and to permit of entrance to or exit from the enclosed vehicles without crushing one's hat or bumping one's head. For what suits royalty is usually of a common-sense nature, and is a welcomed reform from the leaner lines of the past few seasons. No wonder Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd.,



SPECIALLY BUILT AND EQUIPPED FOR THE COURT-TREATT CAPE TO CAIRO MOTOR EXPEDITION: THE TWO 25-30-H.P. CROSSLEY CARS.

dating improvements in design and manufacture from one motor show to another, and to-day many other firms of repute have followed their example. It is an excellent practice, as discerning motorists can buy the car of their choice now, in place of having their allegiance shaken by the lure of glittering metals, lights and varnish in the vastness of the display at Olympia or at the Paris Salon. Such prices as are placed in makers' catalogues to-day must remain unchanged until Christmas at least, according to the regulations laid down by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who organise the annual exhibition at Olympia, so price consideration need not deter the buyer, who can use his purchase at once, as he will not be able to procure it for less money if he waits until the Show to place the order. For instance, Sunbeam models can be bought—with four-wheel brakes standardised on all the h.p. sizes except the 12-30-h.p. model—identical with those this firm will exhibit—six in all. There will be no reduction in the current prices for these, so whether you fancy a 14-40-h.p., with its four cylinders, or a 20-60-h.p. with its six, the cost of each will be the same to-day as in December. The 20-60-h.p. saloon Sunbeam is one of the sweetest cars to drive that I know of from practical experience, as I had the good fortune to let it out up Nettlebed Hill at 50 miles an hour recently, and it took the bends as smoothly and steadily at this speed as if the way had been straight and flat. Also, the engine is particularly silent in its rapid acceleration, while the brakes pull it up in a moment, and without any jerk or jar, owing to their smooth action.

Another Olympia model I tried lately is the new 12-h.p. Waverley, with its balloon tyres, front-wheel brakes, and single sleeve-valve engine. Fitted with a well-

## New Small Runabout.

Although first introduced a few months ago, the 9-h.p. water-cooled Rover has now been greatly improved as a small runabout seating two, or occasionally four, by standardising in its equipment *de luxe*, by low-pressure tyres and an electric engine-starter. Dunlop 27 in. by 4 1/4 in. section covers are fitted, and these low-pressure tyres fully cushion the user from road



WITH ONE OF THE CARS “ON BOARD”: A PONTOON, FORMED BY THE BODIES OF THE TWO CROSSLEY CARS BOLTED TOGETHER, CROSSING A RIVER.

A unique feature of the two 25-30-h.p. Crossley cars, which Major Court-Treatt has selected for his Cape to Cairo motor expedition, is that the bodies of the two cars can be bolted together to form a pontoon or boat, into which one of the cars can be run and transported across a river or lake, thus solving one of the great difficulties of the journey.

of Pall Mall, who purvey these 57-h.p. Daimlers with their handsome, dignified coachwork, find the demand is increasing, and that generally other cars are following this excellent example.



# Something Wrong in Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



## An Unexpected Set-Back.

What is wrong with British professional golf? One finds it impossible to resist asking this question after being present at the latest American performance of twisting the lion's tail—the victory of Macdonald Smith over George Duncan in a seventy-two holes match at Gleneagles, that wonderful centre of the game in a wonderful setting between the Grampian Mountains and the Ochil Hills, which Mr. Kellogg, the United States Ambassador in London, described at the prize-giving ceremony as "the greatest course in the world." At the moment, it is neither the charm of the scenery nor the architectural triumph of those who planned the Gleneagles holes that concerns us; the main point is the plain fact that British professional golf has been humbled again in one of its own strongholds. It marks an extension in a new direction of the successes which Americans have gained in this country during the past four seasons. They had established themselves as remarkable scorers in the open championship, but it was thought that in match play—with all its elements of duelling, ingrained in British golfers by the custom of centuries—supremacy still rested with the Scots and the English.

## The Test of Aggregates.

And here Duncan, the most famous Scottish golfer of his day—seemingly the beau-ideal of a dashing match player—was taken out and forced steadily and relentlessly into submission. I believe it was a very big surprise to Duncan, and it certainly was to everybody else; indeed, a lot of people thought that he would win so easily as to make the match hardly worth watching. How is it that the American professionals come to this country and capture pretty well all the honours that they seek to win? In four consecutive competitions for the British open championship they have won three times, and secured two places in the first three on each occasion. In all these championships only one home player, Arthur Havers, has had an aggregate below 300. Four Americans,—Jock Hutchison, Walter Hagen, Macdonald Smith, and Tom Kerrigan,—have beaten that total. A British amateur, Mr. R. H. Wethered, has beaten it; so has an Australian professional, Joseph Kirkwood. But Havers stands out as the solitary British professional who has achieved the performance, and he has done it twice—last season, when he won with 295 at Troon, and so provided the only home victory since the Americans began to compete in force; and

three years ago, when he finished fourth at St. Andrews, with 299.

## Consoling Amateurs.

Whatever may have been the set-backs of British amateurs in the United States, they have at least managed to defend the amateur championship in this country with complete success, although they have had to withstand three big American efforts to capture it. The British professionals can neither secure the United States open championship nor keep their own championship. Evidently there is something the matter with their golf. After all, one would expect a few first-class players to be capable of doing an average score of 75 for four rounds, even on a difficult course. Weather conditions vary, but, on the whole, they have been by no means bad during the past four competitions for the British championship, and yet only one man among the home battalions has excelled the standard of

is longer and smoother and finishes with a fuller follow-through than one sees in the case of any of the leading professionals of to-day in this country. It is, in fact, very nearly a return to the old-fashioned kind of swing—truly a *swing* of ease and rhythm, as distinct from a snappy *hit*. Hagen has the same characteristic, if not in quite so marked a degree as Smith—in fact, all the famous Americans practise this erstwhile principle of swinging their irons and following through, instead of limiting the up-swing to the shortest possible range, banging the blade of the club forcibly down on to the back of the ball, and checking the club so quickly after the impact as almost to make the shaft quiver.

## A Question of Control.

This latter method—the quintessence of that consciousness of action which has been likened to the closing of a clasp-knife—is unquestionably the prevailing method among the modern British professionals, and is becoming more and more accentuated. Indeed, it is a nice question as to whether it is being overdone. If there is one quality that these players lack more than any other by comparison with their predecessors, it is ability to control the ball perfectly in the iron shots up to the hole. Even now, in the sere and yellow of their fifty-odd years, Vardon, Taylor and Braid are better in controlling iron shots up to the pin than the great majority of their younger rivals, although they are beaten for driving power and endurance. Smith showed this power of control in a manner that Duncan—good as the latter is at it in the British way—could not equal. Here it was that the American won the match; he kept on laying his iron shots round about the pin, and, holing a good proportion of the putts that he thus left himself, he steadily wore down his rival.

## An Unchanging Swing.

Yet Smith's swing with the iron clubs looked rather loose—because of its length—by comparison with Duncan's. Hagen's certainly has not the snappy shortness, especially so far as concerns the follow-through, which marks the principle of the present British professionals. The Americans, indeed, cultivate a longer swing by using longer iron clubs than are fashionable in this country. The rest of the secret of Smith's success seems to be that he never changes his swing; he simply changes his club. For the driver, brassie, and most of the irons, it is the same swing all the while; the trajectory, and therefore the length of the shot, is governed by the loft of the club. Even with the mashie-niblick, his swing is only a little shorter. Truly a very engaging golfer to watch.



WHERE THE HOTEL IS A VILLAGE IN ITSELF: WATCHING THE MATCH BETWEEN MACDONALD SMITH AND GEORGE DUNCAN, AT GLENEAGLES.

Gleneagles, with its huge hotel and fine golf links, has been one of the favourite holiday resorts this year. In fact, it has had the distinction of being the subject of a column article in the "Times." Gleneagles is situated far from any town, so that the hotel is to all intents and purposes a village in itself. In its corridors are booths which are really shops, where most things necessary to the visitors may be bought. Recently an interesting 72-hole match was played between George Duncan and the American professional, Macdonald Smith, in which Macdonald was the winner by 4 up and 3 to play.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Press.]

steadiness which four 75s at a meeting may be said to represent.

## Better Old Days.

The scoring used to be much better. Round about fifteen years ago, James Braid won with aggregates of 291 at Prestwick, and 299 at St. Andrews; J. H. Taylor with 295 at Deal; and Edward Ray with 295 at Muirfield. Some courses have been lengthened since those days, but only to balance developments in ball manufacture, which have brought about longer driving. Is there something wrong with the methods which the modern British professionals employ to hit the modern ball? I noticed particularly in regard to Macdonald Smith at Gleneagles that his swing with iron clubs





**'T**HERE are several kinds of Trouts,' said Isaak Walton, 'but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts.'

Of hats also there are many, but even to the uninitiate there is a marked difference between some hats and others. And those well versed in hat lore do not generalise. Their preference is for the hats they know by name — the hats which are called

Lincoln Bennett Bowlers, made from Nutria, Hares' and Coney Furs, 35/-, 30/-, 25/- and 21/-.

Soft Felt Hats, made from Nutria, Hares' and Coney Furs, 42/-, 35/-, 30/-, 25/- and 21/-.  
Write for our interesting booklet—"*Felt Hats, and what they are made of.*"

Ladies' Tailored and Sports Hats form an important department of all Lincoln Bennett Hat Shops. The smart costume hat illustrated above is but one of many new styles.

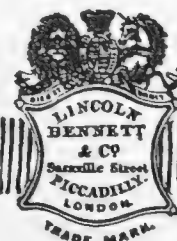
Write for Catalogue of Ladies' Tailored and Sports Hats.

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## HATS of Character and Reputation

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## THE AQUASCUTUM COAT

For Town and Country Rendezvous.

**R**ESTFUL in the comfort of ample proportions . . . dignified in simple drape, and all the while defensive against wet and chill—the pure new wool, weatherproof and self-ventilating “Aquascutum” Coat of right royal reputation. The “Grafton,” as illustrated, 8 and 9 Gns. Other models from 6 Gns. “Field” Coats, 3½ to 5 Gns. Mention of *The Sketch* will bring along post-haste booklet of ‘Scutum specialities. Agents in most towns. In New York, Franklin Simon.



By Appointment  
to H.M. the  
King and to  
H.R.H. the  
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**Aquascutum**  
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Weatherproof  
Specialists for Three-Quarters  
of a Century.

126, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.



# WOMAN'S WAYS By Mabel Howard

## Children's Fashions in Olden Days.

Glancing through the pages of an old book a few days ago, I was struck anew with the change which has taken place in children's clothes during the last century. Imagine the small maiden of to-day, comfortably dressed in plain cotton rompers or a cosy woollen outfit that is as

whalebone and steel. Yet their existence is proved by pairs still to be seen, and I have seen them described in the advertisement of a well-known stay-maker in 1767, who further offers "neat steel collars for young misses, so much worn at the boarding schools in London"! Rather a sharp contrast to the modern schools, with their doctors, physical training experts in attendance, and their loose, neat uniforms, which are ideal for sports.

## Old-Time Christenings.

Modern babies' clothes, however, are still influenced by ancient customs. At a mediæval christening the infant was arrayed by the priest himself in a long white robe called a "chrisom" which had first been anointed with sacred oil. If the child died within a month, it was buried in this robe and named a "chrisom child." This, then, is the origin of the christening robe, and the christening blanket was an elaborate affair in silk, plentifully embroidered with Biblical emblems and texts. Tiny shirts of linen with embroidered cuffs were invariably worn by all babies from the time of James I. until about fifty years ago. They

## Layettes of To-Day.

The 1924 sovereign of the nursery is greeted with a layette that is far more extensive and practical than its predecessors. Everything possible for the comfort and health of the all-important personage is carefully studied, and nowhere can more perfect layettes be found than at Walpole Brothers, whose salons are at 89, New Bond Street, W.; 175, Sloane Street; and 108, Kensington High Street, S.W. Pictured on this page are some captivating affairs sketched in their salons. The folding cot below is artistically decorated with organdie muslin and bows of satin. These trimmings can be easily removed for cleaning, as they tie on quite simply. The price is £5 5s., and the mattress and pillow can be purchased separately. The wicker hamper basket, trimmed to match, contains everything necessary for the baby's toilet. Sketched in the centre are two exquisite little frocks, one a day gown and the other a christening robe. The latter (on the left) is made in white organdie trimmed with real



Everything for baby's toilet is contained in this delightful wicker basket, trimmed with ruffled organdie. It was sketched at Walpole Bros.

light as thistledown, and compare her with a small ancestor of, let us say, the seventeenth century. She would be wearing a voluminous frock in sombre velvet or heavy brocade reaching to the ankles, and even lined with stiff buckram. The first attempt at a game of any description would be instantly suppressed for fear of damaging her richly embroidered stomacher and long hanging sleeves. Curiously enough, these unwieldy hanging sleeves symbolised youth and innocence, and were worn by children for many centuries. Such elaborate costumes utterly



A hand-made petticoat and nightgown trimmed with tucks, embroidery and lace. They are from Walpole Bros.

prevented, of course, the freedom of movement in which the happy child of to-day revels.

## Wooden Corsets and Steel Collars.

It seems almost incredible to us that children were made to wear such implements of torture as a pair of stays consisting of a large wooden board front and back, reinforced with bars of



Exquisite Valenciennes lace and embroidery adorn these adorable babies' frocks from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W.

were perfect specimens of handiwork, adorned with exquisite embroidery and trimmed with narrow rows of beautiful lace. Diminutive mittens of lace and silk matching fascinating little bonnets were also indispensable accessories. The christening robes of to-day resemble those of two hundred years ago, but are much shorter than at the end of the nineteenth century. At that date they were so long that they touched the ground when the child was held in the arms of the nurse. But the attractive little linen shirt has now been superseded by cosy garments of silk and wool, and the lace mittens have long become relics of the past. These old-time mittens were often made of exquisite Flanders lace or fine linen.

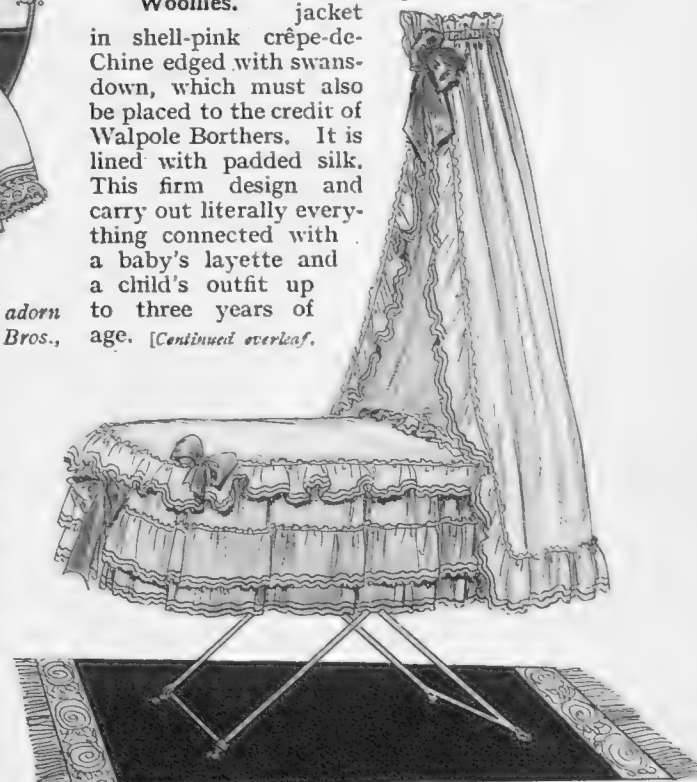


A captivating little padded silk matinee jacket, trimmed with swansdown. It may be seen at Walpole Bros.

filet and Valenciennes lace; and the hand-made day gown is of superfine tarantulle trimmed with Valenciennes. It can be obtained for 23s. 9d., and 12s. 11d. each secures the hand-made nightgown and petticoat of the same material prettily tucked and embroidered. Captivating little nursery frocks in French lawn, and frivolous affairs in organdie and ribbons for important occasions, can be obtained at prices to suit every pocket.

## Smocks and Woollies.

At the top of the page is a fascinating little matinee jacket in shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine edged with swansdown, which must also be placed to the credit of Walpole Brothers. It is lined with padded silk. This firm design and carry out literally everything connected with a baby's layette and a child's outfit up to three years of age. [Continued overleaf.]



Ruched frills, ribbons, and trimmings of organdie muslin complete this fascinating white cot, which has a comfortable wadded well. It hails from Walpole Bros.

# WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## Knitted Suits for the Autumn.

Embroidery and intricate designs play a prominent part in the new knitted suits for this autumn. At Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., there is a wealth of attractive models, two of which are pictured on this page. On the extreme left is a useful coat and skirt built of the finest Botany yarn carried out in soft tones of fawn, with touches of blue and white in the panelling. It is obtainable for 6½ guineas; and 8½ guineas is the price of the white silk coat on the right, embroidered all over in soft flowered designs and colourings. Plain artificial silk coats for 45s. 6d., and others in wool

striped design, available for 29s. 6d.; and others, in crêpe-de-Chine of two colours, are 39s. 6d. Jumpers in spun crêpe-de-Chine edged in the new marl mixture autumn colourings can be secured for 42s. in sizes ranging from 13 to 14½ inches. A host of other attractive possibilities will be discovered in this brochure.

## The New Reducing Girdle.

It sounds almost impossible that one could look slim even during the process of reducing one's weight, but such is the case with the new specially designed girdle, of which full details can be obtained from Thompson Barlow Company,

14, Regent Street, W. It is a simple affair which is worn instead of a corset, and has suspenders attached. It is so constructed that it touches and massages every portion of the surface continuously, smoothing away the fat automatically and preserving boyish lines. Every woman who wishes to wear the straight autumn models to advantage should lose no time before applying for full particulars.

## Fashionable Waterproofs.

One can scarcely credit the fact that the attractive satin cape-coat portrayed on the right is a useful mackintosh, but I have ample proof that such is the case. It is built by G. West and Son (445, Oxford Street, W., and 211, Regent Street, W.) of black waterproof satin rubber, and may be obtained for 7 guineas. Graceful waterproof silk cloaks in several shades are to be purchased for 45s. each, and blue mackintosh capes are only 12s. 6d. Another invaluable

accessory for the autumn wardrobe is the Telemac, guaranteed for two years, and ranging in price from 30s. Then becoming little rubber hats with novel chin-straps are 10s. 6d. in rubber and £1 1s. in satin. I also discovered some well-tailored travelling coats in the new checked tweeds available for £5 5s., and shower-proof tweeds for 63s.; while gabardine raincoats lined throughout with check are only 35s. Children's waterproofs for the coming term are important items, and Red Riding Hood capes to delight small owners will change ownership for 4s. 11d. each; and the Westermac, price 16s. 6d., is an exceedingly useful wrap, guaranteed for a year.

## "Luvisca"—Important Reduction in Price.

It is welcome news indeed that the manufacturers of "Luvisca" have announced a reduction in the price of this well-known material. "Luvisca" remains, as always, an ideal fabric for blouses, dresses, frocks, shirts, pyjamas, etc., and for unlimited wash and wear it

is unsurpassed. The new prices are as follows: Striped designs, 3s. 3d. per yard (instead of 3s. 11½d.); plain shades, 3s. 6d. per yard (instead of 4s. 6d.)—37-38 inches wide. All leading stores and outfitters have exceptionally attractive ranges of the new designs and colours, ready for immediate service, and the newest models in blouses ready to wear; and well-tailored shirts and pyjamas for men are also obtainable at a corresponding reduction in price. The well-known "Luvisca" standard of quality will be fully maintained. If any difficulty is experienced, application should be made direct to Courtaulds, 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2.

## Novelty of the Week.

At this time one hears on all sides women lamenting that strenuous holiday sports and long days in the sun have hardened and contracted their skin in the most distressing manner. A soothing, cleansing cream which feeds and gives fresh resiliency to the most hardened, ill-nourished skin can be obtained for 3s., and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address where it may be obtained.

## Guaranteed Shoes for £1.

Surprising, I admit, but true none the less, is the announcement that well-built, fashionable shoes made by one of the famous shoe-manufacturers in this country are being offered for one pound a pair at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. Each pair is sold with a guarantee that it will stand reasonable and fair wear; while, if any shoes prove unsatisfactory, they will be willingly exchanged. A brochure illustrating some of the varied styles available will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There are one-strap models in patent leather, beaver and brown glacé kid or grey suède, built with Louis XV. heels and the fashionable long toe, and a diversity of Court shoes made in the same leather. Neat Derby-cut walking shoes can be obtained in tan calf and patent leather.



The new vogue for side panels appears in this attractive knitted suit of fawn Botany yarn patterned with blue and white. It was sketched at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., who are also responsible for the fascinating white silk coat on the right, embroidered in artistic colourings.

and silk with jacquard borders for 49s. 6d., are excellent investments for chilly September days. Jumpers of the same material can be secured for 25s. 6d. Sports enthusiasts will be interested to learn that delightful long-sleeved sweaters of soft wool, knitted in an effective basket-stitch pattern, are available for 29s. 6d., with cardigans to match at the same price. Then knitted coats and skirts in brushed wool range from 3½ guineas, and those in the new marl mixture bouclette from 5 guineas—ideal outfits for country wear.

## Tailored Shirts and Jumpers.

This autumn plain, well-cut shirt jumpers will again be seen everywhere with knitted and tailored suits. The Peter Pan design, however, will be closely rivalled by the new V-shaped Robespierre collar, and a wide choice of attractive models can be studied in the illustrated brochure of tailored shirts and jumpers issued by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There are long, perfectly tailored shirt jumpers in cream Eastern silk, bordered with an effective



This attractive coat with voluminous cape sleeves is built of black waterproof satin rubber. It must be placed to the credit of G. West and Son, 445, Oxford Street, W.



# Reslaw Hats for SPORTS, TOWN & COUNTRY WEAR



Distinctive Hats for all occasions, in a variety of exquisite shades in every fitting, obtainable from all high-class Drapers and Milliners.

*If unable to secure locally, write for nearest source of supply to—*

PAUL WALSER & Co., Ltd.,  
2, Cripplegate Buildings, London, E.C. 2.



## Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

### REAL CASHMERE JUMPERS AND COATS at Special Prices

Having purchased a considerable quantity of real cashmere yarn at most advantageous terms, we are giving our customers the opportunity of purchasing Coats and Jumpers at very special prices.

REAL CASHMERE JUMPER (*as sketch*), made from super quality yarn in a very practical shape for sports or general wear. Good range of colours. Actual Value, 73/6.

SPECIAL PRICE  
**39/6**

Also in other styles and cardigan shape.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.



### Rich Crêpe-de-Chine PRINCESS PETTICOAT

For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie, and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT in pure silk crêpe-de-Chine, an exact copy of a French model, composed entirely of fine pleats, with dainty lace at top and hem, narrow sash of self material at low waistline. In pink, sky, mauve, ivory, yellow, coral, black, champagne, eau de nil, green.

PRICE  
**39/6**

KNICKERS to match ... **29/6**  
In pure silk georgette, in pink, ivory, sky, mauve, lemon, black, champagne, coral, eau de nil, green.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT ... **49/6**  
KNICKERS to match ... **39/6**

*Sent on approval.*

#### SCHOOL OUTFITS.

We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements. Post orders carefully executed.

**Debenham & Freebody**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

## This smart WINTER COAT



FULL LENGTH.

All - Wool Velour cloth, lined throughout with silk; black Chapelle Fur Collar, Cuffs, and 8-inch Hem.

**8½ Gns.**

Carr. free.

Cut on straight and graceful lines—suitable for all figures.

Colours:

Black, Nigger, Havana, Rust, Grey, Beige, and all fashionable shades.

Post orders, which should be accompanied by remittance, will receive the same careful attention as a personal call. Your money gladly refunded if not completely satisfied. Please state size.

**Tellner**  
377 OXFORD ST.  
LONDON, W.1.  
Almost next to Bond Street Tube.

## SESSEL PEARLS



SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

### SESSEL PEARL COLLIER

16 inches long, with 18 Carat Gold Clasp, £4 4s.

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.), 14 & 14a, New Bond Street, W.1

Illustrated Brochure No. 4 sent on request. (No agents.)

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Why throw it out of use!

HAVE IT  
CLEANED or DYED

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**CARPET BEATING**  
COMPANY LTD

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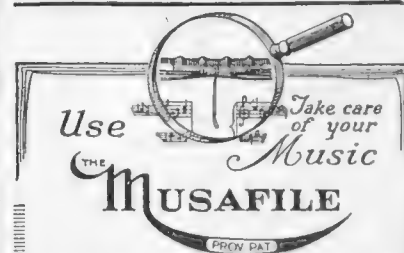
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Keeps your music new, and you can find any piece at once.

HOLDS UP TO 12 COMPLETE PIECES.  
EVERY SHEET OPENS QUITE FLAT.  
ANY PIECE INSTANTLY INTERCHANGEABLE.  
In 2 sizes:—12½-in. x 10½-in., and 14½-in. x 10½-in., and various colours.

STRONG MANILLA .. .. 1/6

LEATHERETTE .. .. 2/6

REXINE .. .. 5/-

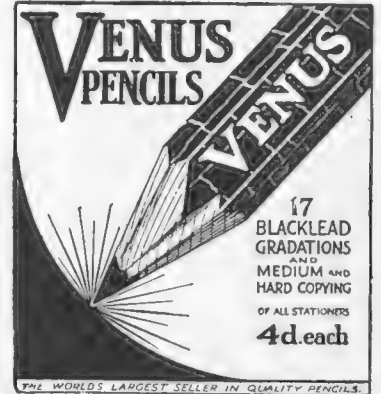
(Black, Dark Green and Maroon.)

Of All Stores and Music Dealers.

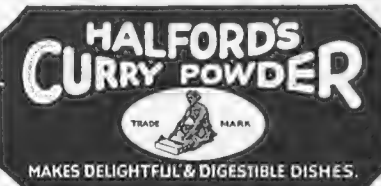
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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER IN QUALITY PENCILS.



MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.



CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st class inclusive, from 35 fr.

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"They are not very good, but they were only taken with a '50 and 50' camera." Have you ever heard this remark made or made it yourself? There will be no need to apologise to your friends for your snapshots if you take them with a GOERZ TENGOR. Without doubt the finest moderately priced camera of the present day.

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Vest Pocket (1½ x 2½ ins.) FOR £3 12 6

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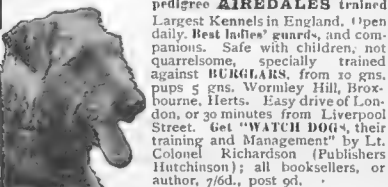
For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2s 6d & 4s

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

NO HOUSE IS SECURE WITHOUT A WATCH DOG  
Tel.: 52 Broxbourne



LT. COL. RICHARDSON'S pedigree BULL DOGS trained Largest Kennels in England. Open daily. Best ladies' guards, and companions. Safe with children, not quarrelsome, specially trained against BURGARS, from 20 gns. pups 5 gns. Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts. Easy drive of London, or 30 minutes from Liverpool Street. Get "WATCH DOG", their training and Management by Lt. Colonel Richardson (Publishers Hutchinson); all booksellers, or author, 7/6d., post gd.

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## WHEN YOU ARE AT WEMBLEY

Visit the BIG SIX KIOSK,

in the Main Avenue, between the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Engineering.  
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There you will always find

THE ILLUSTRATED  
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There are also novelties which you can purchase as a Souvenir of the British Empire Exhibition.





Race Weatherall Burberry



Urbitor Burberry, Model B 65.

# Every BURBERRY Overcoat

whether designed for Town or Country, Sport or Travel, embodies these Burberry characteristics—

**Protection against Rain  
Warmth on Cold Days  
Perfect Self-Ventilation  
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Comfort in All Weathers**

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## BURBERRY OVERCOAT

Catalogue of Models for Every Purpose & Patterns, on Request



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Every Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Trade Mark.

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# HARRODS WONDERFUL NEW 'Miracle' REDUCER

*'Nothing like it before'*

The introduction by Harrods of this remarkable scientific device has met with a wonderfully enthusiastic response. The 'Miracle' has been known to reduce from 3 to 6 inches in 2 months; let Harrods prove its usefulness to you!

## THE 'MIRACLE' REDUCER:—

- ☐ Is worn next to the skin.
- ☐ Reduces weight by scientifically inducing perspiration.
- ☐ Is absolutely flexible.
- ☐ Is not a corset.
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HIP REDUCER

**52/6**

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**27/6**

The 'Miracle' is sent post free to any address in England and Wales.

Corset Salon is on Harrods Second Floor



HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



## Autumn Plumage

(AF 383)

is made with curved brim, trimmed Natural Golden Pheasant. In Nigger and Gold, Navy and Gold, Black and Red or Nigger and Red.

3 Gns

*A visit to Harrods Artificial Flowers Salon, Ground Floor, will reveal a fascinating variety of Autumn Models—the newest of the new.*

# HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



## USEFUL AND BECOMING SPORTS SWEATER

Practical Sports Sweater (as sketch), made from superfine quality woolen yarn, with roll-over collar and two pockets, in all-over Chinese design.

In a large range of colours.

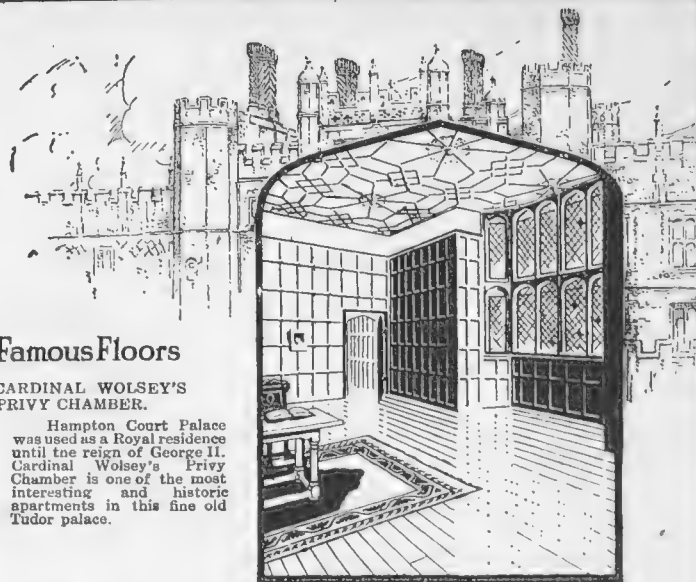
Price  
65/6

*Sent on approval.*

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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LONDON W1

*Write for Catalogue.*



## Famous Floors

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

Hampton Court Palace was used as a Royal residence until the reign of George II. Cardinal Wolsey's Privy Chamber is one of the most interesting and historic apartments in this fine old Tudor palace.

# Stephenson's Floor Polish

The one polish that can be used with equal success on oak, parquet, stained wood floors, linoleum or oilcloth, etc. Stephenson's Floor Polish goes a long way and lasts a long time; it rubs up day after day like new, therefore it is the most economical polish to buy.

*In Tins: 3½d., 7d., 1/2 & 2/6*

Sole Manufacturers: STEPHENSON BROTHERS, Ltd., BRADFORD



IT is not a coincidence that the man of discriminating taste is a smoker of Melachrino Cigarettes. To enjoy them has always evidenced an appreciation of the finer things of life.

M. MELACHRINO & Co., LTD.,  
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## MELACHRINO

*"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"*

## COME TO A DECISION NOW

Your FUR ALTERATIONS, REPAIRS AND RENOVATIONS should be put in hand immediately.

Our organisation is fully equipped to turn out your work expeditiously, and only in exceptional cases is more than a week required to satisfy your requirements. Small orders for Repairs and Alterations only occupy us two or three days.

**West-End Work at City Prices.**

Don't be deterred from sending your Furs under the mistaken impression that it is too late. Write to-day and don't delay.

**MOTHITE**, a wonderful preventative against moths; odourless, 2/6 per tin, post free. (Old Furs taken in part exchange for new.)

## FUR RENOVATING CO.,

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**58, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2.**

Telephones:  
City 323 & 7174



# WOOLLANDS

## Authentic Modes for Autumn

*The Correct Mode for the Gentlewoman now being displayed in all Departments.*



V. 96.

**Charming Felt Hat** in small shape trimmed plumage, pads across front in self or contrasting colours. In all the newest shades.

Price  
**3 Gns.**



V. 99.

**Attractive Felt Hat**, trimmed plain band and bow of Petersham in self-colourings. In all the newest shades.

Price **3 Gns.**



V. 100.

**Stitched Hat** in Black Velvet for sports wear, with pliable brim. We can also supply in Duvetyn in all useful colourings.

Price **2½ Gns.**

In special colourings in best quality velvet. Price **3 Gns.**

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1



## The Children's Urgent Need

eventually brings most Mothers to the selection of Chilprufe Pure Wool. No other woollen underwear can offer the added advantages enjoyed by its little wearers.

## CHILPRUFE For CHILDREN

The name Chilprufe stands for immunity from the effects of doubtful weather. It even, fine and silky fabric is a caress to the youngest skin. None of its charming qualities are affected, despite washing and wear: Chilprufe never shrinks or changes in the least.

Especially in these weeks, Mothers' solicitude brings a brisk demand for these dainty garments. It is advisable to consider your children's wardrobes now, while supplies are ample.

All Chilprufe is delightfully trimmed and finished.

### SEND YOUR CHILDREN BACK to SCHOOL IN CHILPRUFE

They will then be safe from chill and you will be relieved from anxiety on their behalf no matter what the winter brings.

### CHILPRUFE for LADIES

To those Ladies who are already familiar with Chilprufe for Children, little need be said of the luxurious clinging softness, pearl-white colour, and wonderful durability of the Chilprufe fabric. The cut and style of our ladies' garments combine to give comfort-utility and the daintiness which ladies are so quick to appreciate.

NEW ILLUS. PRICE LIST on application.

**FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd.,**

55, Buckingham Palace Road,  
London, S.W.



**Jay HAT**  
the essence  
of refinement

### The DOLLIS Model

A quaint and original quill decoration in self-coloured felt adds a touch of the unusual to this Jay model. The hat itself is made of the finest fur-felt and banded with silk ribbon. In a large variety of colours, both bright and neutral.

The more exclusive milliners have a range of Jay Hats to show you. Look for the Jay picture-label inside—the sign of a genuine Jay Hat. Jay Hats are inexpensive.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a Jay Hat, write for name of nearest retailer to



**VICTOR JAY & CO.**  
54 Southwark Bridge Rd.  
London, S.E.1  
(wholesale only)

## "LEVESON"

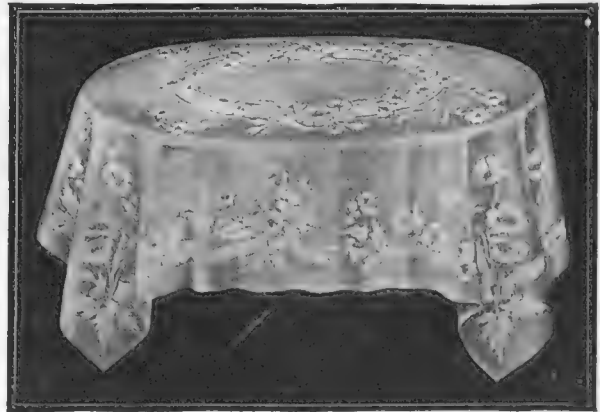


This "Leveson" Pram is a perfect sit-up car when you wish it so, and for lying down the cosy extension gives a bed length of 47 inches. It is never too small. IT GROWS WITH BABY.

Please write for Booklet No. 55.

**JOHN WARD, Ltd.,**  
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SK.109. Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths (as illustrated). Design: Californian Poppy. Good medium quality; will give every satisfaction.

**DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.**  
2 x 2 yards .. .. Each **27/9**  
2 x 2½ .. .. .. **34/6**  
2 x 3 .. .. .. **41/6**  
2½ x 3 .. .. .. **53/6**  
**LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH.**  
22 x 22 inches .. per doz. **31/6**  
24 x 24 .. .. .. **36/6**

Carriage paid  
on Orders 20/-  
upwards  
in U.K.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER**  
LINEN MANUFACTURERS  
BELFAST  
ALSO REGENT ST. LONDON & CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL

Illustrated  
List 48 N  
sent free any  
address.

SK.1010. Hemmed Irish Linen Sheets, made from yarns carefully chosen to wash and wear well. Strongly recommended.

### IRISH LINEN SHEETS.

2 x 3 yards (single bed) Pair, **47/6**  
2½ x 3 .. (double bed) .. **61/6**

### LINEN PILLOW CASES.

SK.1011. Hemmed Irish Linen Pillow Cases, to match.

20 x 30 inches .. half doz. **23/9**  
22 x 32 .. .. .. **27/9**

## ATTRACTIVE EVENING FROCKS for Young Ladies

Our Children's and Young Ladies' Department contains an infinite variety of dainty and attractive, and at the same time quite inexpensive, frocks for girls of all ages. All these frocks are designed by our own artists and made by our own workers, and the materials employed are invariably of a practical and useful character.

**ATTRACTIVE EVENING FROCK (as sketch)** for young ladies, in artificial Satin Savoie of a bright lustrous finish, cut on simple lines with apron front of silver metal lace slightly pouched at waist, finished with velvet flowers in artistic bright colourings. In rose pink and hyacinth blue.

PRICE

**94/6**

Sent on approval.

### SCHOOL OUTFITS.

We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements. Post orders carefully executed.

**Debenham & Freebody.**  
Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London W.1





No. 2 of a series of  
happy kiddie snapshots.



# Round Tattenham Corner

and into the straight! The pace is fierce in the Nursery Stakes. But he's well away and the post's in sight—a winner this time.

Jockey and "horse" think only of the race. No mercy on their clothes! That's a detail they leave to you. Which is just where Goochs—with their specialized knowledge of children's wear and of human children's ways—come in. At Goochs you will find the widest choice of children's clothing to be had in Town. Clothes that are practical as well as "smart." Clothes in which a boy can *be* a boy. Clothes for his sisters—tomboy or otherwise. Styles that the more critical young people of public school age will like and be proud to wear.

## "CANADA"

Attractive little brushed Wool Suit in self colour with contrasting trimming. In Camel, Rose, Blue, Buff, and Saxe.

Sizes for 2' to 4 years.

Size: 2 3  
49/6 54/6



## "BETTY"

White haircord smock, hand-smocked in Blue, Cherry, Mauve, Pink or Lemon.

16 in. 18 in. 20 in. 22 in. 24 in.  
9/6 9/11 10/6 11/- 11/6  
Knickers 4/11 extra.

In Zephyr; in Cherry, Buff, Mauve, Blue, Green, Tan, Pink, smocked white or any shade desired.

10/11 11/6 12/- 12/6 12/11  
Knickers 4/11 extra.

In Crêpe-de-chine, all colours 16 in. Price 31/11 rising 2/- each size. Knickers 10/11

White Jap Silk 16 in. Price 30/6 rising 1/- each size. Knickers 8/11

Natural Shantung 16 in. Price 25/11 rising 1/- each size.

This smock can be had with square neck if desired.



# Goochs Ltd

For Vogue and Value in Children's Clothes

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

ORDER BY POST,

If you cannot call, send your order by post. Swan & Edgar send this Hat post free to any address in Great Britain. Be sure to state colour required.

## NEW FELT HATS

Featherweight Felt Hat, in the very newest design. Smart and practical for Town or Country wear. In all the season's latest shades, including Oak, Red-Brown, Gold-Brown, Mahogany, Ash, Grey, Castor, and Black.

25/-



# Swan & Edgar Ltd

PICCADILLY CIRCUS LONDON W1

## WARM AND PRACTICAL ZENANA DRESSING GOWN

WE have designed a number of warm and practical Dressing Gowns, of which sketch is a typical example made by our own workers, in a rich quality Zenana.

### "NINA."

Handsome Dressing Gown in rich silk Zenana, cut on becoming lines with the new large collar and cuffs in cream georgette and lace, lined throughout Japanese silk. In pink, sky, yellow, helio, saxe, vieux rose, etc.

Special Price

98/6

Sent on approval.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W1

Write for Catalogue.



## ATTRACTIVE KNITTED SUITS

for Early Autumn Wear

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Suits, which have been specially designed for the present season. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful.

ORIGINAL THREE-PIECE SUIT (as sketch) the dress knitted of soft pure wool in a fine stitch, with small collar edged artificial silk; the cardigan coat in all-over design in artificial silk in attractive colourings on wool ground to match dress.

PRICE  
7½ Gns.

Dress alone ... 73/6  
Coat alone ... 84/-

### SCHOOL OUTFITS.

We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements. Post orders carefully executed.

## Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London. W.1



Catalogue post free.

Sent on approval.

# Harvey Nichols

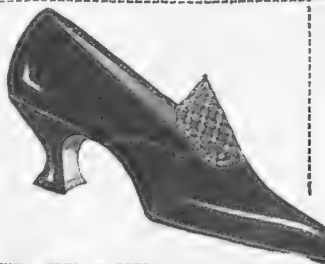
of Knightsbridge

## LADIES' RELIABLE FOOTWEAR AT MODERATE PRICES



Smart Patent Leather Bar Shoe, low LXV heel, trimmed with Tan Crocodile or Grey Lizard skin.

Price  
59/6



New Model in Patent Leather Court Shoe, LXV heel, hand beaded tab in steel. Also in beige, grey, black and white antelope.

Price  
65/9



Latest Model in Fancy Bar Shoes, new embossed front in various colours. Nigger seal-skin back; also in black.

Price  
65/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.



# Gossard

## Corsets and Brassieres



### *The Gossard Line of Beauty*

The Gossard line of beauty is the possession of every woman who wears Gossard Corsets and Brassieres. There is a Gossard for each of the nine ideal figure types—your type, your size. Exquisite in materials, dainty in finish, the new Gossard is truly beautiful—wonderful in its effect when worn. An expert corsetiere in your favourite shop will give you a perfect Gossard fitting.

THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD.

*Largest Makers of Fine Corsets*  
168 Regent Street, W. 1

also at TORONTO, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SYDNEY, BUENOS AIRES.

Millinery  
Booklet  
Free on  
Request



## An Effective JUMPER

Extremely smart  
hand knitted  
Artificial Silk  
Jumper with new  
round neck.

Colours:  
Ivory, Mauve,  
Navy, Champagne,  
Almond, Black,  
Silver, Brown,  
Saxe, Shrimp  
& Havana.

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Progressive System of Infant Feeding

should be adopted. A striking illustration of the benefits to be derived from these foods is provided by the accompanying photograph of this bonny 'Allenburys' baby who has been reared on them. This system of infant feeding resembles nature as closely as possible and provides a food adapted to each stage of baby's developing digestive powers.

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Girl's coat in fine velour cloth, with fur collar and cuffs. Lined throughout in attractive material. May be made to order in any colour. Price for 26 ins. - - - **6 Gns.**

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*Your friend  
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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their *superfine quality* Felt. Absolutely waterproof, very light in weight, the brim will withstand the wind and roll up for the pocket. A very distinctive Hat, it is quite different from anything yet designed, with the new pleated back and wing brim, which being patented (No. 218580) cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sizes 6 1/2 to 7 1/2. In black, castor, tabac, tan, Cuba, beaver, nigger, light grey, carbon, white and cinnamon. Price **37/6**

"PATENT No. 218580." Proceedings will be taken at once against anyone infringing this patent.



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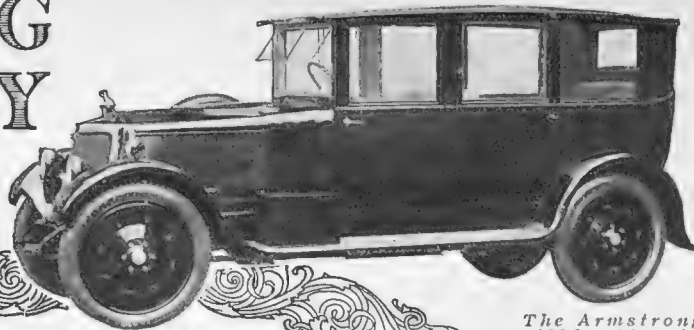
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£725 complete.

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### FOUR Cylinder 14 h.p.

Chassis	£260.
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Special Equipment consisting of 765/105 Tyres, Rear Screen, Bulb Horn, Dash Lamp, Wind- screen Wiper, Luggage Straps & Staples	£20.
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The Equipment includes everything desirable in a first class motor carriage.

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She will give you her personal advice and demonstrate her method that has met with such remarkable success. At the first treatment all hairs are removed and a permanent cure begun. The treatment is harmless to the most delicate skin, and is pleasant in its simplicity.

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Every gardener's Guide to  
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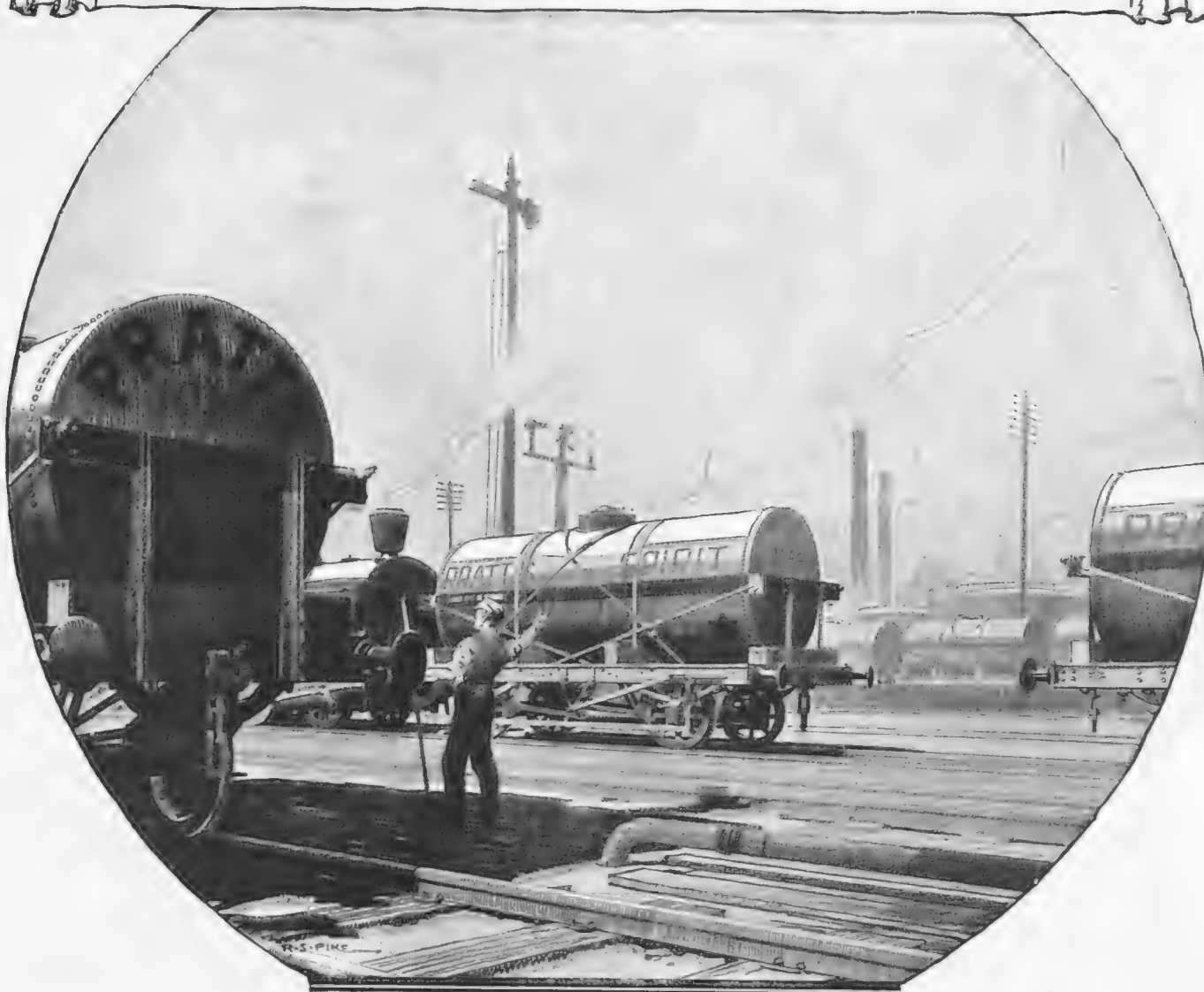
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*This series of announcements is to convey some idea of the comprehensive distributive organisation of the Anglo-American Oil Co., responsible for the maintenance of the supply of Pratts Spirit to thousands of garages and a million motorists. Watch for the next of the series.*

# PRATTS

*Uniform everywhere  
Reliable always*



D.A. 387

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD. 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W. 1.



## Jumper Suit

In Artificial Silk

'CANNES'

An Early Autumn Suit smartly tailored, in the season's newest colourings. The jumper is of two-tone Jacquard design on grounds of Navy, Silver, Nigger, Tan, Sand, White, or Black

8 Gns

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Selection of Novelties sent on Approval for Golf, Tennis and Croquet Prizes



G 630

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### Solid Sterling Silver Challenge Cup

5 in. high	-	-	-	-	£7	7	0
6 in. high	-	-	-	-	10	0	0
7 in. high	-	-	-	-	12	18	6
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A Large Selection of Silver Cups from 2 Guineas upwards.

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Established 1766.

SC 196.

## THE IDEAL DRESSING GOWN FOR EARLY AUTUMN

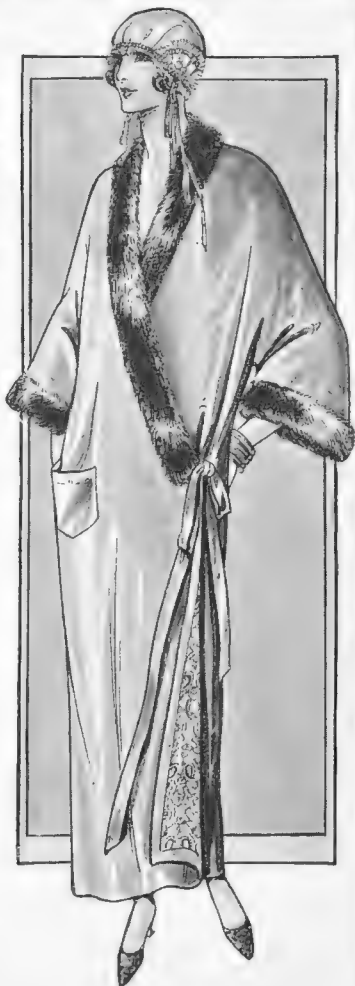
being made of a rich quality Wool-back Satin, trimmed with a beautiful wide brown fur, and lined throughout with Delaine. A very cosy gown with ample fulness, yet delightfully smart. The excellent "Walpole" cut, finish and material create a most unusual value at this low price.

Colours:—Mauve, Saxe, Purple, Vieux Rose, Parma, Pink, Royal Blue, Sky, Cherry.

49/11

Charming Boudoir Cap in Sweet Pink Georgette with kilted frill trimmed ribbon and floral posy. 10/9

We Pay Carriage within the British Isles.



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## "The Secret of Slenderness" THE "CORSLO-JUNO"

The full-figured woman who wishes to follow the present fashion must aim at straightness as being the next best thing to actual slenderness. The new "Corslo-Juno" is ready to help her to the easy achievement of this desirable and graceful effect—and to prevent the ugly "bunched-up" look which so often results from the wear of too tight or too stiff a corset. It is made on the same principle as the already famous "Corslo," and combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, but it is adapted to its special purpose by the introduction of extra and firmer bones in front and other bonings at the back where, moreover, it is laced instead of buttoned, so that its fitting may be more easily regulated. It can be depended upon to mould even the fullest figures into the most fashionable straightness of line, and to give all the necessary support without any feeling of compression, while its beautiful unbroken lines are a perfect foundation for the latest day, evening and dance frocks, and also for sports costumes. The "Corslo-Juno" is a revelation of comfort for the summer months at home, and for tropical wear at all times its cool lightness will be a special benefit and delight. It can be washed as easily and often as ordinary undergarments.

"LE CORSLO-JUNO" (as sketch) Hip Belt and Bust Bodice combined, made of cotton tricot, laced at back with two sets of steels, also two short steels in centre front, removable for washing. Measurements required when ordering: Bust, waist and hips. In pink and white.

PRICE

63/-

In best quality satin ... 5½ Gns.  
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Sent on approval.





*Two varieties—  
Royal Belfast  
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Pale Dry*



*We should like you  
to try both and  
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Our constant care — our ceaseless responsibility — is to send forth to our friends pure water—water pure and fresh as it reaches us from The Crispèd Spring.

Whether touched with a little "Scotch" or "Irish," or charmed with the gifts of the orchard and spice garden—water itself is the real drink—indeed, it is the only possible drink. In Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale we have the spring whispering of vigorous health and of purity; the orchard, the spice garden, and the gentle spirit Ariel of Champagne convey their tender messages also; but of all the factors which contribute to the excellence of "ROSS" we name—first in place and in power—Pure Spring Water.

"Ross Pale Dry" and "Ross Royal" are two distinct variations, as it were, of the same delightful melody of The Crispèd Spring.

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## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard.

Continued.

## The Tiniest Camera in the World.

Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously accepted for her Dolls' House the thumbnail camera illustrated from the Kodak Company. It is a replica complete to the tiniest detail, including a crystal lens, of the No. 3A Autographic Kodak. It is  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. high, and its size when closed is  $\frac{1}{1728}$ th of the camera of which it is a copy. Every part was made separately by hand, jeweller's tools and microscope being employed. The process of manufacture occupied three months in all, most trouble being given, not by the scarcely visible metal parts, but by the bellows, scores of which were destroyed before success was attained. After experiments with a number of materials, it was ultimately found that paper was most suitable. It has a working shutter, a reversible finder, and an autographic pencil, and it opens and closes into its Lilliputian case exactly like its "parent," with the details of which all photographers are familiar.



THE HANDSOME SILVER WOLSEY CUP WHICH IS BEING AWARDED FOR THE BEST SHOP-WINDOW DISPLAY OF "WOLSEY" AND "RAMESES" UNDERWEAR.

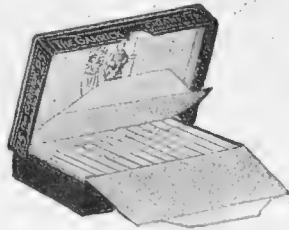
## Where Quality Counts.

cigarette to suit some women, too—take a secret pride in the fact that they are hard to please. Individual tastes vary, it is true. But there is general agreement as to what constitutes "quality"—that elusive something in a cigarette which makes one particular brand greatly to be preferred over another. Smokers are saying that the "Garrick" Virginia blend—a product of Lambert and Butler—come very near to attaining smoking perfection. They may, at all events, be confidently recommended to bridge the gulf between mere mediocrity and outrageous expensiveness.

1695 to 1924.

The life history of a famous house such as Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, W., is of unusual interest, and the little illustrated brochure entitled "Waring and Gillow, Past and Present," is a book to be read. It will be sent on application to all readers of this paper. In the seventeenth century, a humble joiner,

Even experienced smokers frequently find difficulty in discovering just the right them. Many men—and

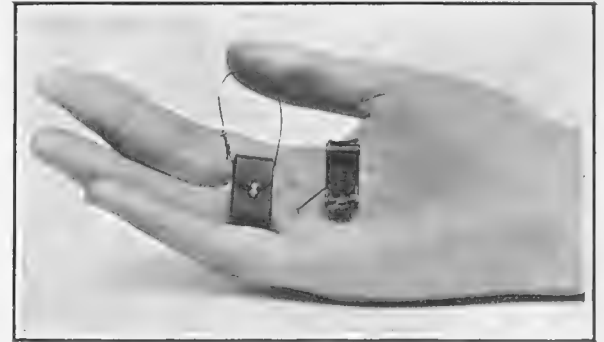


THE "GARRICK" VIRGINIA CIGARETTES ARE WELCOMED AS AN OLD FRIEND BY EVERY FASTIDIOUS SMOKER.

Robert Gillow, began in a small way as a carpenter in Lancaster. How the seeds developed into the great firm of Waring and Gillow, which to-day is known all over the world, is a veritable romance which is well worth appreciating. Illustrated brochures giving full details of the wonderful "New Values" prices offered by Waring and Gillow will be sent free on application to all readers of this paper.

## The Wolsey Cup.

It is interesting to learn that the magnificent silver Wolsey Cup pictured on this page, together with a cheque for £200, is being awarded by the Wolsey Company for the most effective shop window display of Wolsey and Rameses underwear. This contest will do much to encourage more attractive displays in shop windows.



AN ASTONISHINGLY TINY CAMERA WHICH H.M. QUEEN MARY HAS ACCEPTED FROM THE KODAK COMPANY FOR HER DOLLS' HOUSE AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION AT WEMBLEY.



Fine Diamond.



BY APPOINTMENT



Fine Diamonds.

## SPECIAL OFFER of JEWELLERY

MAPPIN & WEBB are offering during the next few months certain articles of jewellery which have been greatly reduced in price.

ENQUIRIES ARE INVITED.



Fine Diamonds.



Fine Emerald and Diamonds.



Fine Diamonds.



Fine Sapphire and Diamonds.



Fine Sapphire and Diamonds.



Emerald and Diamonds.



Fine Diamonds, with border of Sapphires or Rubies.

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London Showrooms:

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2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

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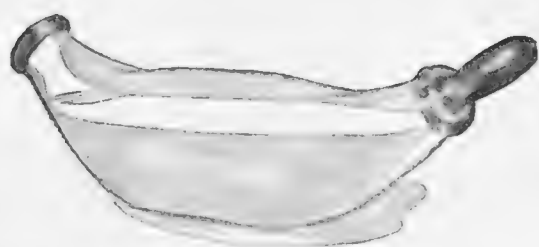
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**B**ABY becomes dimples all over when fed on Horlick's Malted Milk. Muscles, nerves, bones, brains, teeth—all are steadily built up by this famous super-food—full-cream milk enriched with nourishing extracts of choice malted barley and wheat flour.

As good for mother as for baby.



MADE IN ENGLAND

At all chemists' in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. A liberal free sample for trial sent, post free, for 3d. in stamps.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

For adults, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

(Continued from Page 513.)

"Exactly, Mr. Moon," said Phyllis coolly, meeting my gaze.

"Exactly. Nothing is said, for example, about marriage. The emphasis is on love."

"Marriage is implied, Mr. Moon. For it finishes 'Youth's a stuff will not endure.'"

"Not after marriage, he means."

"You're very perverse, John."

"The truth is, it might mean anything. But the important line, I repeat, is 'What's to come is still unsure.'"

"What I was going to tell you, John, was this—"

"I mustn't miss my train, Phyllis," I said, looking at my watch. "Will you be coming up with me? You could tell me better in the train."

"I'm sorry, John," said Phyllis softly. "Someone said they'd fetch me in a car."

"'They,' Phyllis?"

"Well, he, John, if you must have it."

"I suppose I must," I said.

Just then the door opened, and round it came the head of Mr. Smith, looking very twenty, and, I suppose, sweet.

"Hullo!" he said brightly. Then, shyly, "Have you told him, Phyllis?"

"I've been trying, Gordon. But he will interrupt."

"I won't interrupt any more," I said, and I shook him warmly by the hand. "I'm very glad. I wish you everything. And now I must go."

"I'm glad, Phyllis," I said, taking her hand. And "Thank you, John," said she.

And I suppose I was glad.

I'm sure I was.

I am now.

I cannot answer for the future.

"Good-bye, Miss Fair," I said.

"Good-bye, Mr. Moon."

[THE END.]

## NOVEL NOTES.

THE ROADSIDE FIRE. By MADELEINE LINFORD. (Parsons; 7s. 6d.)

Miss Linford takes her title from a phrase of Stevenson's, where he speaks about "the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire." Sylvia Spring told Audrey Deane, the heroine, that the job they were both engaged on at the moment, the "Help to Poland Mission," was like that. "Life is really a road that goes on, and we have stopped to sit round the fire for a while. Then we shall have to go on again." And so it turned out. Audrey, weary of life in a well-to-do English household, had gone to Poland with a company of relief workers, and there she fell more or less in love with a self-sufficient prig, Stephen Norris, whose passion was rather more ardent than hers. As a picture of one of those coteries the war and after-war let loose upon the Continent, the story has great merit—particularly in its suggestion of passion and strained nerves in a diverse company brought together by chance and forced to see too much of each other in a cramped and alien environment. The crowd is well managed, the writing is good, and the reader likes Audrey well enough to be glad that she did not burn her fingers very grievously at the roadside fire.

IRONWY AND HER LOVERS. By HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Welsh, of course—the heroine's. Celtic name tells you that; and there is abundance of odd Welsh manners in the humbler characters. The final joke, however, is lost to those who have no Cymric, for it is left untranslated, for which one can hardly

forgive the author. Still, she provides enough sensation to condone the loss of the possible last thrill. Ironwy, a brisk and beauteous damsel, appears on the scene just as she is being dismissed from her first situation, for not being deferential enough to her upstart mistress, Lady Massey. She goes to look at the home of her reduced ancestors at Angoredig, and enters the house through the window, to be immediately engaged by the present occupant, Talfourd Llewellyn (widower) as governess to his little boy. New master promptly falls in love with Ironwy, and she with his elder son, Gerwyn, who is estranged from his father and acting as manager of a neighbouring quarry. Plot thickens. Talfourd (most caddishly) puts Ironwy in a false position in order to force her to marry him. The same night he is mysteriously murdered. Gerwyn suspected, but there is no evidence against him. Ironwy departs, and is again providentially engaged at once by Lady Massey's husband (now a joyful widower) to travel with him as companion to his niece. Lurid interlude of a Countess in Venice, and odd disclosures there regarding Talfourd Llewellyn's former housekeeper. Item, a futile proposal from Sir Joseph Massey, widower number two, who, good, easy man, helps to clear Gerwyn, with happy results for the much-loved and loved heroine. Absurd, but somehow readable, although you don't believe a word of it.

THE MYSTERY OF WO-SING. By A. G. HALES. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

Oh, what a tale of wickedness, and of occultism good and bad! Was there ever such a thorough bad man as Carl Strang of Yale, son of a profligate preacher? He takes first to the stage, then to the worst sort of occultism, and after queer dealings with the Chink, Wo-Sing, acquires a triple

(Continued overleaf.)

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## 'Duggie' explains—

### No. 2.—Lost Telegrams.

**Sir Edward.**—Colonel Cheriton was telling me at the Club the other day that he wired a commission for "Verdict" to his agent last year. His horse won; but, poor old chap, his wire never reached his agent! The Telegraph Department admitted it was never delivered—got held up somewhere, and in accordance with his agent's rules he wasn't "on." What rules have you covering this point?

**Duggie.**—My rule distinctly states that I guarantee payment in full over wires which through the fault of the Post Office are lost in transmission.

**Sir Edward.**—Another very extraordinary incident occurred to Lord Finchley. He wired a hundred on a horse, and when the telegram was received the stake had been left out. His agent's rules stated that wires were dealt with as received, and consequently he had no bet. Deuced hard luck! Now, what would have happened if you had been Finchley's agent?

**Duggie.**—Immediately I received the telegram I would have had it "repeated."

**Sir Edward.**—Yes! But suppose when you got the repetition the stake was still omitted?

**Duggie.**—Then I would have asked Lord Finchley to get a certified copy of the telegram, and, provided that was in order, I would have paid him his winnings immediately.

**Sir Edward.**—Then you not only make good wires which are lost, but also those which are wrongly transmitted?

**Duggie.**—Exactly. In my opinion, Sir Edward, no backer can reasonably be expected to do more than hand in his telegram all in good order. His responsibility should cease there. As the telegraph officials refuse to undertake any liability for their mistakes, the only fair alternative is for me to do so instead.

**Sir Edward.**—Very satisfactory indeed, Stuart. Now I would like to have a few words with you about "place" commissions.

"Duggie" Explains—No. 3—"Place Commissions" in *The Sketch*, September 17th.

Meanwhile—WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

# Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London. W.C.1

*Continued.*  
 personality—his own, Wo-Sing's, and that of a deceased aristocratic English rake from Pekin. Carl becomes a sensational evangelist and moves the public, not because he was converted, but just for wantonness and the lust of power. Finally he goes into business in Australia, where he gets control of a good and simple old man's millions, and attempts to divert a great cotton-growing enterprise into the hands of the Chinese Government. With these dark and sinful manœuvres is bound up the fortunes of pioneer settlers in the new cotton region, and a deliberate attempt on Carl's part to ruin the leader of the colony and corrupt his best girl. Naughty, naughty, but all in the cause of virtue! Do not let us forget Letia, Carl's hectic wife and victim, who cuts in at the last and cuts a bewildering knot of improbabilities. Mr. Hales's idea of the stage would draw remonstrances, if anyone took this story seriously.

#### THE LEGACY FROM NOWHERE.

By PETER GLADWYN. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

The three Monson girls were fortunate, but puzzled. When money, and a good bit of it too, came to them out of the blue, they knew nothing of who had sent it, beyond their benefactor's mere name, Cleave Hollesby. Such a plum of mystery couldn't go undisputed, and up came the Countess of Cavalcanti to claim her share in the plunder. As you will have guessed, this good lady was a fraud, but the unmasking of her wasn't done in a day, and that's the story, if you except the necessary love interest, which is pretty extensive and complicated, for the three Monsons had plenty of

admirers. One of them, Guy Warley, plays the chief rôle in baulking the Cavalcanti, who is finally confronted with the real owner of that title and forced to fade out. Which is all as it should be.



NOW APPEARING IN "THE WHIRL OF THE WORLD": MISS ALICE POLLARD.

Miss Alice Pollard is the charming young actress who is in "The Whirl of the World," the successful revue which is "still going strong" at the Palladium.

#### THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

##### How Not to See Paris.

One way of seeing Paris is to drive round in an autocar, while the guide on the foot-board shouts desultory information at you through a megaphone. It is not the way that I should choose, but there are evidently thousands of people who select—I will not say enjoy—it, and at this time of year much of the traffic of the Paris streets is composed of such serried loads of sightseers. Tours of this kind by night appear to have become especially popular. There is perhaps something a little incongruous in the itinerary, however. You are shown the Gothic grandeur of Notre Dame by moonlight. You pass a solemn moment at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe, and you see the Flame of Remembrance, which is lit every night by a different association of war veterans. Then you are carried straight on to the night restaurants of Montmartre. Of course, the Arc de Triomphe is on the way to everywhere in Paris; but the transition is a bit abrupt.

##### From Real Splendour to Stage Simplicity.

August does not seem to be a very likely moment for the production of a new play; but Louis Verneuil writes so many of them that I suppose there is not room for them all at other times of the year. In quantity of production, as much as in quality, he follows closely on Sacha Guitry. His latest is at the Daunou. Jane Renouardt has come back from her sumptuous yachting holiday to take the principal part in it.

*(Continued overleaf.)*

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The room illustrated above is the third of the series of Period Rooms (designed and carried out by Messrs. Osborne and Company of Grafton Street) and is typical of the William and Mary Period, circa 1690.

The heavy modillion cornice and bolection mouldings forming raised panels make a delightful background for the radiant gas fire in green bronze, selected to harmonise with its surroundings. The restful lighting in this charming room is controlled by pneumatic distant switches.

Noticeable pieces of furniture are a fine Queen Anne Walnut Secrétaire, veneered with choice woods, (from the Ightham Court collection), and a beautiful Chippendale arm-chair with mahogany frame and typical claw and ball legs.

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Continued.]

And the part represents such a simple little person, too. After Deauville and what not, one wonders how Jane Renouardt can get into the skin of it. The play is called "Lison," and although the leading young man in it is a duke, and he has a mistress whose extravagances are the talk of the Riviera, and he is about to marry the daughter of a millionaire, Lison herself can claim no more than the horticultural class for her parentage. She is the only one, however, who loves the duke for himself alone, and when she learns of the rich marriage, her motives are so disinterested that she pretends she has deceived him in order that the inevitable break shall occur without its being necessary for her to speak of his matrimonial intentions at all. Of course, she gets the duke in the end, and in the last act he announces his intention of giving up dukery in order to marry her—for in France dukes don't marry dairymaids, however romantic the French may consider themselves to be. Besides, this duke is ruined, and at the end of the play he makes a long speech in which he enumerates the trades suitable for a ruined duke to learn. The piece is capitally acted. Galipaux is as comic as ever, and André Lefaur, who was so excellent in the "Vignes du Seigneur," is once more admirable as an imperturbably cynical member of the idle rich class. Not one of Verneuil's best, but quite moderately amusing.

#### One of the Chief French Industries.

Hotel-keeping is becoming more and more one of the principal French industries, and the holiday hotel keepers have had a poisonously bad season. Some places in the Alps—I am talking of the French Alps, for remember that Mont Blanc is in France—are already as deserted as in May, and you can see the hotel waiters riding about on bicycles and otherwise

disporting themselves before transferring their energies to the winter season on the Riviera. On the sea coast Deauville has, no doubt, suffered less than other places, for it is crowded anyhow, and if the weather is bad, the gaming rooms fill up, even in the daytime. It is said, by the way, that the other night a *plaque* to the value of a hundred thousand francs was left on the green cloth, and that nobody claimed it, in spite of the appeals of the *croupiers*. Some people are very careless about their small change.

#### Theatrical Productions of the Autumn.

Among the new plays for the autumn season is one by René Fauchois, to be produced at the Caumartin Theatre. The chief character is a monkey who—or which—has learnt to talk; and the actor which—no, who, is to interpret it is now busy learning simian movements and gestures. It may perhaps be hoped that he will not reproduce all of those which may be studied at the "Zoo." Other theatrical news is that the Roumanian actress, Elvire Popesco, is to be seen as *Fédora*, and that Mme. Simone will appear as *Phèdre*—who is by no means the same person, in spite of the similarity of sound in the names. Mr. Macdona has an English company playing a Bernard Shaw repertory, and it has just moved on from the Albert 1er. to the Michel. The chief theatrical interest of the moment is, however, in the music-halls. At the new and beautifully appointed Empire Victor Boucher has been appearing in Henri Duvernois' charming one-act play, "Seul." To transfer anything from a stage so small as the Grand Guignol to one as large as the Empire was dangerous, and perhaps not quite justified artistically, but Boucher's acting carries the day. The most interesting of the other attractions of the moment are Russian. The Coq d'Or company, which is quite as good as the Chauve Souris on the

same lines, is at the Alhambra, while the Cossack choir at the Olympia shows another side, the sentimental, of Russian art.

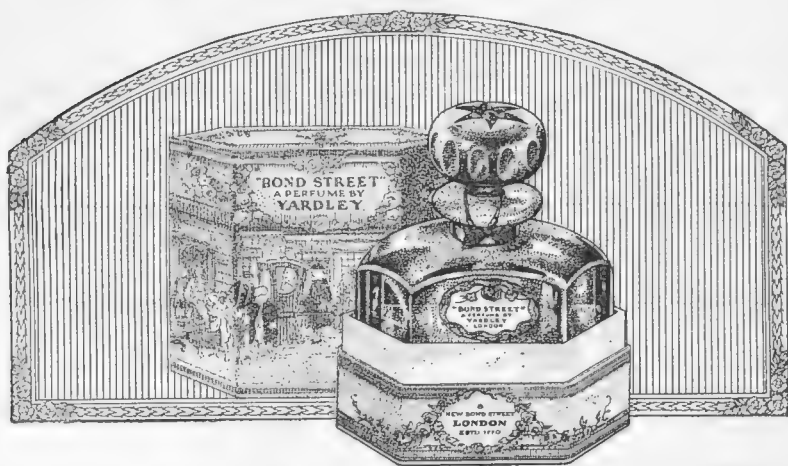
#### The Scarcity of "Girls."

I am told, by the way, that music-hall managers in Paris, and, indeed, in France generally, are being faced just now with a certain practical difficulty. For many years they have always included in their programmes certain numbers given by what are called "*les girls*," by which you must understand, companies of English dancers who sing the choruses of French songs with a Lancashire accent which to any British ear would betray their origin. These troupes are becoming more and more difficult to obtain. It is not that Lancashire has ceased to be stage-struck, but that the demand for its special talent in Central European countries is such that none is left for France. American "girls" are being tried, I learn, but the effect is not the same.

#### A Youthful Nonagenarian.

Did you ever see that admirable actress, Mme. Daynes-Grassot? She used to play the old women with Réjane in her later years, and one of her last appearances was in the part of the delightful grandmother in "La Belle Aventure." She is now nearly ninety years old, and almost blind, but she is still active for all that, although her activities are no longer connected with the theatre. Like the comedian, Germain, she has taken to farming and market-gardening, and, like him, she has just sold her farm near Paris. But Germain, who had also retired from the stage, is now retiring from business altogether. Mme. Daynes-Grassot has no such intention. She is much too young for that; and she has now bought a much larger farm, on which she is going to breed poultry and grow other products for the English market.—BOULEVARDIER.

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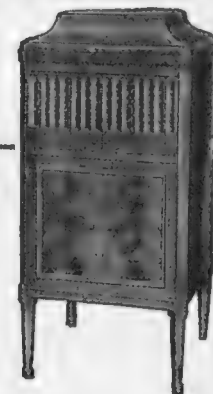
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## AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

## "WHITE SLIPPERS."

(STOLL.)

THE private view at the Palace of this new British production moved a crowded theatre to enthusiasm. It

is a Stevensonian yarn adapted from the story of Charlton Lawrence Edholm, brimful of adventure and haloed with a charming romance. Mr. Matheson Lang is never so happy as when he is playing the rover or the buccaneer, and here on perilous seas forlorn he pursues his desperate career with his crew of hardy sailormen in search of hidden gold. But the real treasure proves not to be buried in the South Seas, but in the heart of a little English girl. Or is it in a pair of white slippers? And the ne'er-do-well wins through. There is such a devil-may-care way with him, he is so frank, breezy and chivalrous that we cannot help liking him. Yet the delight of the picture was Miss Joan Lockton, for in this film she takes a stride right into the constellation of film stars. She created a heroine full of charm and beauty. She has temperament and personality, and, not least, a right sense of screen values.

There was no over-emphasis, no extravagant gesture, no flamboyancy. Grave or gay, tender or passionate, she remained simple, natural, and appealing. There is an artlessness in her poses, a naïveté in her expression, and a grace in her movement that show what a true artist she really is. *Ars celare artem.*

In her hands this Cinderella of the romance became real life. She was at once both inspiring and delighting, and by her sincerity turned this fantastic tale of high adventure into something beautiful and strange. It was the grace of her performance that gave coherence to the film. She provides the axis upon which the romance

magic of a tender idyll will love "White Slippers."

## "THE LOVE STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON."

(STOLL.)

Again it is not the play but the players that give this new film, the second Stoll production shown this week, its claim to distinction. Like "White Slippers," the plot will not bear scrutiny, and I am not sure that all the changes from Mr. Gilbert Frankau's story are justified. They only accentuate the improbability, yet it is only just to say that Mr. Maurice Elvey has handled intractable material in a remarkable fashion, and provided a very interesting film. The fox hunt and the trial scene at the Old Bailey were exceptionally well done. I do not think Miss Isobel Elsom has ever done anything so well as in her dual rôle of Aliette and Lucy Towers. Whether we see her as the prisoner wife or the slum heroine, she commands our sympathy and realises with sure delineation the character. The acting throughout is thoroughly good. Mr. James Carew as the brutal husband, Mr. Henry Victor as the lover, and Mrs. Hadyn Coffin as the mother, all do full

justice to their parts. These two new British productions have distinction because there is imagination and resource in the presentation, and sympathy, insight, and power in the interpretation. Such failure as there is lies in the plot stories themselves.



A BIT THICKER THAN HIS OLD WALKING-STICK! SIR HARRY LAUDER TRIES HIS HAND AT TOSSING THE CABER.

At the Cowal Highland Gathering the other day, Sir Harry Lauder had a shot at tossing the caber—a popular Highland sport. The caber is a tree-trunk about twenty feet long.—[Photograph by Topical.]

must turn, and so the White Slippers are really worth the quest. It may be a very simple unity, but it achieves its purpose, and all who love good acting will want to see Joan Lockton and Matheson Lang; while those who can still enjoy a yarn of men who go down to the sea in ships and the



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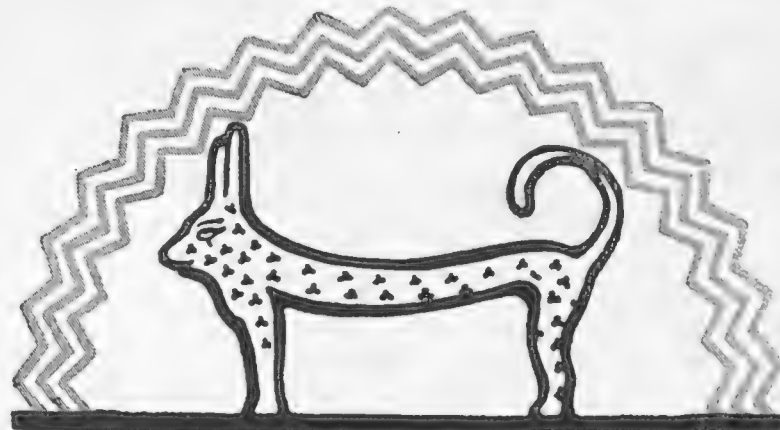
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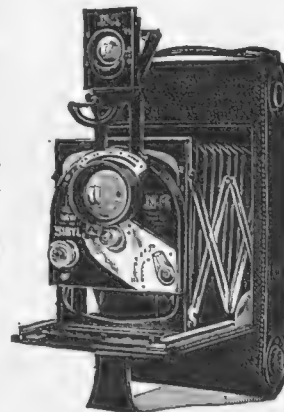
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A.K.



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The teeth's great enemy is that viscous film you feel. It clings, despite old brushing methods. It becomes discoloured, dingy. Teeth lose lustre.

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Then dental science sought to fight film. Two ways were discovered. One removes it without harmful scouring.

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Old ways brought undesired results. Pepsodent brings the opposite. It multiplies the alkalinity of saliva, to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the power of saliva to digest starch.

The combined results will amaze you. Now learn what they mean.

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Give full address. Write plainly  
Only one tube to a family. Sketch 10/9/24

CUT OUT THE  
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## THE CLUBMAN.

(Continued from Page 498.)

"I think," says this writer, "that the English superiority can be summed up in the word 'contrast.' Whereas our revues begin with a rapid dance scene, followed by a comic scene, and continue thus to a whirlwind finish, with no variety of subject or treatment, the English are not afraid to begin quietly, to work gradually to a climax, and to introduce moments of tenseness, even of tragedy, as they go along. In other words, they have something genuine to offer, and realise that both their comedy and their tragedy are heightened by the juxtaposition of one to the other.

"Then, too, in line with their belief in contrast, the English are not afraid to be wholly serious in a serious scene, and to give it all the ability they have. I shall never forget Gertrude Lawrence in an act called 'Limehouse Blues.' This exquisite girl did a bit of acting in this sketch which in its dramatic intensity was worthy of a great emotional actress, and this girl is primarily a musical-comedy type. If she were on our stage, she might never have had a chance to show her versatility. My contention is that, until our revues are less stereotyped and permit of more variety, our Gertrude Lawrences never will have an opportunity to develop.

#### Superior English Chorus Girls.

"Another thing which is different about Charlot's revue is the accuracy and precision of its chorus," goes on this writer. "English chorus girls are now in great demand in this country. Whether the English chorus-master is more efficient or the girls more amenable than ours I do not know; but the result is

apparent. Our chorus girls have more 'pep,' but their work lacks the perfection of that of the English girls."

It is curious to read this genuine praise of a London revue produced in America, because here in London the continuous cry is that revue is overdone, that it has reached the full cycle, and that the pure variety entertainment is to have a very effective revival.

#### Veterans' Mode of Life.

It is good to meet some of our hale old men, and to try and understand why, when they come to the eighties, they are so full of vigorous health. Usually one finds that they have led a full life, going warily perhaps, but not denying themselves enjoyments that life can offer.

Not so long ago I was talking to the Mayor of Gravesend, who is eighty-three years of age. He had had a double-helping of red-currant tart at luncheon that day, and he told me that he ate and drank pretty well what he pleased. Whisky-and-water was his ordinary beverage. He did not take a great deal of wine; and perhaps he did find that malt liquors developed acidity.

Then I met Dr. Destin Maddick, who built the Scala Theatre, and was a fashionable physician in the 'sixties. He admits to being old in years, but he is one of the most sprightly men about town.

"The only thing in which I have ever stinted myself," he said, "has been in beef and mutton. For twelve years no beef or mutton passed my lips. I eat game, chicken, and fish; and I drink most of the wines. There are two other points: I never remember to have helped myself to sugar, though I take the sweet dishes, and my final advice is, eat as little bread as possible."

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXV.

## THE ORIGINAL LEAD.

THE information gleaned by an intelligent declarer from opponent's original lead is so much more useful to him than the information gleaned by leader's partner, be he never so intelligent, that I say the standard, or book leads in the majority of cases are all wrong.

As an example: if declarer knows that the original lead is from a suit of exactly four cards, or from five or more, he can vary his play accordingly, and very much to his advantage, while leader's partner is rarely able to put the same knowledge to any good use for his own side.

Thus: it is no-trump, and A is playing the hand. Y leads the *two* of clubs, and therefore has exactly four, so A can place the entire suit. His and dummy's cards were—

SPADES—6, 5, 4.  
HEARTS—Kn, 10, 9.  
CLUBS—A, 3.  
DIAMONDS—Q, Kn, 9, 8, 2.  
B (dummy)

Y— Z

A (declarer)  
SPADES—A, 3, 2.  
HEARTS—A, K, 8, 7.  
CLUBS—6, 5, 4.  
DIAMONDS—A, K, 3.

Now A has game for certain. A club, a spade, two hearts, and five diamond tricks. But, thanks to the original lead, he is able to play for a small slam, and cannot lose by the play. He takes trick one with the ace, and leads the knave of hearts and lets it run. Whatever happens, he can only lose a heart and three clubs.

(Continued overleaf.)



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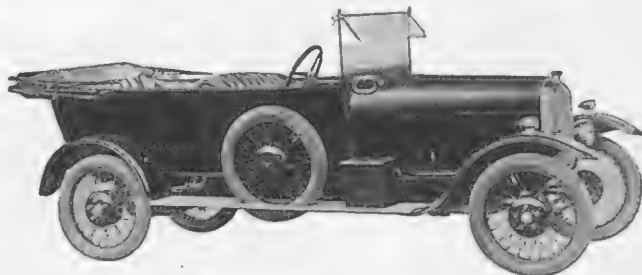
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Blended where  
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13/6  
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man is enough"**

—Plautus

Time after time we have given expression to  
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**"There's no use talking—TASTE IT!"**

Maybe you have not yet acted upon this oft-repeated  
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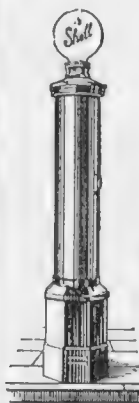
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we can absolutely guarantee that the  
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**ENTIRELY PURE VIRGIN WOOL**  
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by a new and most efficient system makes  
this coat the most perfect weatherproof  
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THIS COAT CAN BE OBTAINED  
READY TO WEAR  
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to give the acme of comfort with  
a smart and dignified appearance,  
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(Continued.)

Suppose A had led the seven of clubs, dummy wins, and B drops *the eight*. (Note the two is missing, and must be in A's hand, who therefore has led his fourth best from five.) Y can now play no fancy game. He must take his nine sure tricks and have done with it.

Or take this situation. A again is playing no-trumps.

SPADES—K, 10, 6.  
HEARTS—10, 2.  
CLUBS—K, 10, 7, 6, 5, 4.  
DIAMONDS—5, 4.

B (dummy)

Y ————— Z

A (declarer)

SPADES—4, 3, 2.  
HEARTS—A, K.  
CLUBS—A, Kn, 3.  
DIAMONDS—A, 8, 7, 6, 2.

Y leads seven of spades, dummy plays ten, Z wins with the ace, and returns the nine. On this Y drops *the five*. Therefore he held five originally, and Z has no more. Dummy must win the trick at once, and A stands an excellent chance of going game. (If dummy does not win the trick now, Z most certainly will open diamonds, when A's chance of game is doubtful, to say the least of it.) At trick three, declarer comes in with a heart, leads knave of clubs, and lets it run (this is better than going for the drop).

Such examples, where declarer gets exactly the information he wants from the original lead, could be given by the hundred. It would be slightly more difficult to give examples of how leader's partner gets similar useful information.

I will now give an example at trump play,

showing again how all the advantage lies with player of the hand.

SPADES—K, 7.  
HEARTS—Kn, 9.  
CLUBS—10, x, x, x.  
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, x, x, x.

B (dummy)

Y ————— Z

A (declarer)

SPADES—A, Kn, 10, 9, 5, 4.  
HEARTS—A, K, 5, 4.  
CLUBS—A, Q.  
DIAMONDS—2.

Y opens with the three of hearts. Dummy plays knave, Z queen, A wins with king. He leads the ace, and Y drops *the two*. He therefore held exactly five to start with, and his partner has only one more. A goes on with the four of hearts, and dummy must ruff with the king. A enters his own hand in clubs, not attempting the finesse, leads his last heart, and ruffs in dummy. If this seven of trumps pulls out the queen, A has game; if not, his only chance is to catch the queen of spades bare.

Now suppose Y's first lead was the two of hearts. *Jeu de règle* tells A that this is a lead from four cards. (Incidentally, it may be a singleton; A must chance that.) The cards fall as before; but this time A has game for certain, since he can make both of dummy's trumps in ruffs, B being marked with three hearts.

Next week I will show the folly of leading off the highest of partner's suit.

B. W. Wright (Gambia) sends me the following, and asks my opinion on B's calling.

B held—

SPADES—A, Q, 10, 6, 4, 2.

HEARTS—Q, 6.

CLUBS—4, 3.

DIAMONDS—A, 8, 4.

The score was: YZ, one game; AB, 27 in the second. A dealt and called one heart; Y, one spade; B and Z, "No"; A, two clubs; Y, "No"; B, *two spades*!

My correspondent sends me the cards in each player's hand, and tells me that A now bid two no-trumps and made them. That, however, is by the way, and does not affect the problem, which is: what do I think of B's calling? One word will answer that—hopeless!

On the first round he had three courses open to him—double one spade (which I, personally, would not thank him for), bid one no-trump, or support his partner. The last is undoubtedly the correct game, the hand having fine help for an original heart call. The pass on round one, and then two spades on round two, is beyond my comprehension. If B was a greedy player and wanted to take something off Y by leaving him in to play a hopeless spade, that is no excuse for him not taking his partner out of clubs into no-trumps, or, as he should have done, into two hearts on round two. Perhaps he likes playing the hand himself.

The Editor regrets that, owing to an error, the photograph of Miss Ivy Collette and Mr. Ernest Marini, which was published in last week's issue of *The Sketch*, was wrongly acknowledged to the Stage Photo Co. It was taken by Mr. Hal Linden, of 70, Wigmore St. W.

## Rutter's

# No 4

## Cigarettes

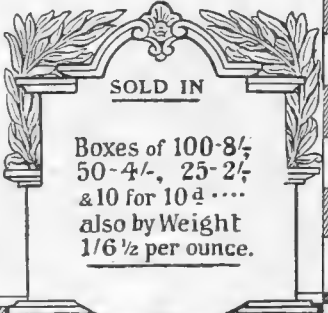
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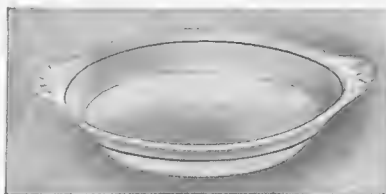
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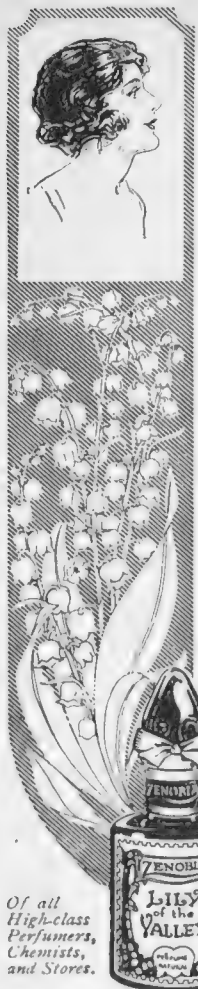
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## CITY NOTES.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WELL, I'm rather thankful that the holiday season is nearly over," declared a broker. "It was miserable weather for most of August—"

"Not so bad in some parts of the country as you had it in London," remarked Our Stroller.

"Bad enough. I bought one of Vickery's luncheon-baskets three months ago, and I've only used it about four times."

"It's good stock to hold," was the reply. "My own extravagance was a Zeiss, at Heaton's, and I am content to sit on it as a far-sighted investment—"

The hubbub having cooled down, one of the brokers said that he found his clients still clamouring for Industrial Preferences.

"More than Ordinary shares?"

"On the whole, yes. My idea is that if you go for things like Beecham Eights, where the business is sound and the goods popular, the odds are that you will do well."

A couple of other House men agreed. "Of course, there's always the chance of competition," one pointed out.

"It's a fair business risk to take, especially in an old-established concern. Buchanan Preference, Johnnie Walker Preference—all that kind of thing, look to me good enough for most people. You can't expect to get 7 or 8 per cent. on your money with perfect safety."

"Apollinaris are on the rise, I see. That's a concern which seems to have got over its war difficulties."

"There you are again. 'Polly' is a household word. Crosse and Blackwell's First Preference will come right in time: you mark what I say."

"I think he's right," mused Our Stroller.

"In the country, when the time comes for sending the kids back to school, we think, as a matter of course, of Harvey Nichols and Swan and Edgar—and people like that—for their autumn fit-out. The names count."

"Yet in Tea shares we buy things that are no more than a name that we have never heard of before in our lives. Funny, isn't it?"

"People have done very well out of Tea," said a broker. "Every set-back in prices has been followed by a fresh rise; and this gives confidence to the public."

"After all, there's something to go on in the Tea boom."

"So there is in every other, but a boom never lasts. We are always left holding the baby in the end."

"You are fairly safe in Tea for a year or two, surely? The outlook is wonderfully strong."

"And it's just at that time when danger yawns ahead of you cocksure speculators."

"All the more reason for steering clear of muck and sticking to what won't hurt you in the event of a fall in the skies. That might happen, you know, at any time in a tropical industry."

"Don't buy Lunuvas; Bengals are good, but too high. Empires are rather the same way. The trio of J's is all right."

"J's?"

"Jokai, Jhanzie, Jorehaut. And Consolidated, the big things, are amongst the best still."

"Too high for the average person."

"That's the reason for their being relatively cheap."

"Very relatively."

"Quite agree with you. But relativity is the only term in which Einstein disciples can discuss the Tea Market. As there's no such thing as time—No thanks, old man; not just now. You see, I can't spare

the—the—the opportunity." They went away laughing.

"Going to buy any Tea shares?" asked the broker.

Our Stroller hesitated. "If I do," said he, turning over the pages in a weekly paper, "it's a bottle of Lamplough to a tin of Nugget that I shall put the lid on the boom. My luck's out at present, and everything that I do leaves a nasty taste in my mouth."

The broker replied that everyone struck a patch of bad luck periodically. "You work through it all right in time," he added philosophically, "and when you get a bad taste in the mouth, fall back on Calvert's and a box of Clifton's."

"Tooth-powder and chocolate—what a mixture."

"You don't take them together, dear boy. Not unless you particularly want to, I mean."

"Well, my Kaffirs have gone down, and there doesn't seem to be a kick left in them."

"There's a lot of hot air talked about Tin. Think of the way in which the price of the metal jumps about! Too sensational for me."

"That is the charm of Mining shares. They don't give you time to get cold feet."

"Kaffirs do."

"As with men, so with markets. In both you get patches of dulness, depression, stagnation. Come over to Dinard with me for the week-end. It's only eight hours from Southampton."

"Not a bad idea; if we can pay our expenses out of the Tea Market."

"Come and look up trains. We'll buy coal tar soap and Allen and Hanbury's throat jujubes on the way to the office. Come on."

"Well I'm—blessed!" gasped Our Stroller, entering into the idea with an astonishment and enthusiasm equally divided.

Friday, Sept. 5, 1924.



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OVER-BLOUSE

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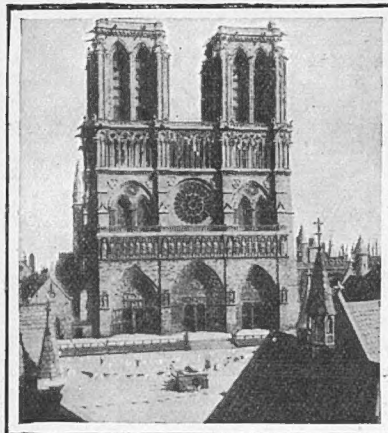
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## Watch this Column



Many people who have seen the Universal masterpiece, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," think we were compelled to go to Paris to photograph the historic cathedral around which Victor Hugo's classic revolves. As a matter of fact, the cathedral was built, as you see it in this picture, together with the houses on the cathedral square, at our own studios at Universal City, California. We even built the cobble-stone pavements.

The craftsmen we employ there are wizards in their ability and accuracy. They never slight a detail or take a liberty with historical data. The scenes in "Merry Go Round," our successful love-story of the Court of Austria, were likewise built at Universal City—not "faked" as you might have supposed, but copied from original structures and streets.

I am looking for a letter from you



CARL LAEMMLE.

I am beginning to realize what kind of pictures the British public enjoys. The great mass of letters received from everywhere have been full of interesting information and suggestions, and many of the fine pictures we will make this year were inspired by our friendly correspondents. I have found that it is a paying and pleasant investment to consult the public. By pleasing the people we have profited both in finance and prestige. And getting down to brass tacks, that is what we are here for.

I wish you would write me a personal letter and tell me what you think of UNIVERSAL PICTURES—what you think of the stories and the stars—where you think we can improve. These letters will come to me and I will answer them. Tell me what you think of REGINALD DENNY in "Sporting Youth," MARY PHILBIN in "Fools' Highway," and the plot and the players in "The Law Forbids." These pictures are successes, but did they please you?

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

P.S. Please address your letters care Universal's Distributors:—

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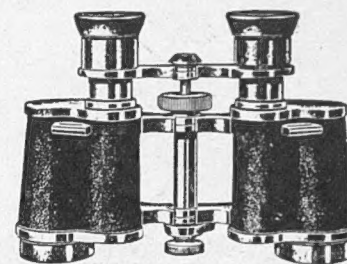
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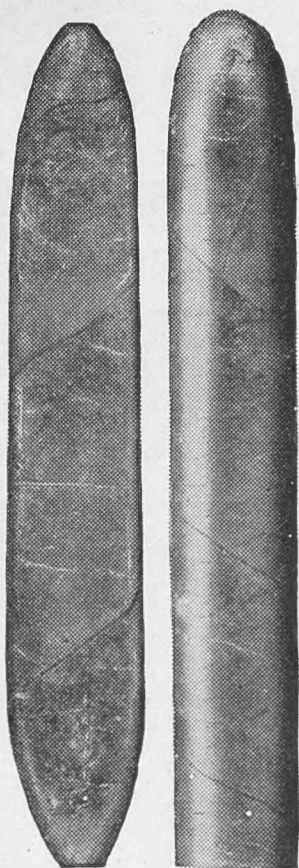
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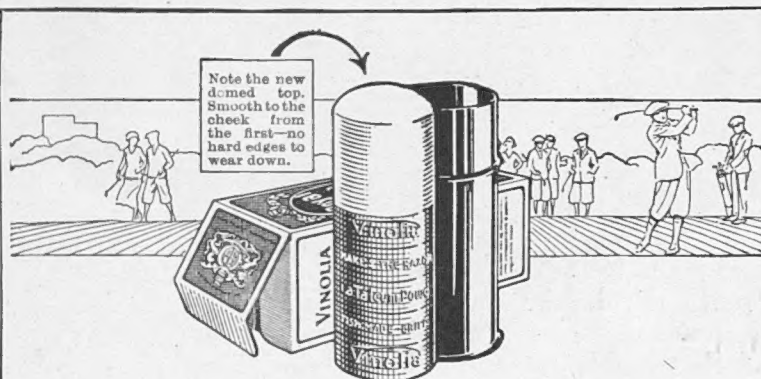
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